





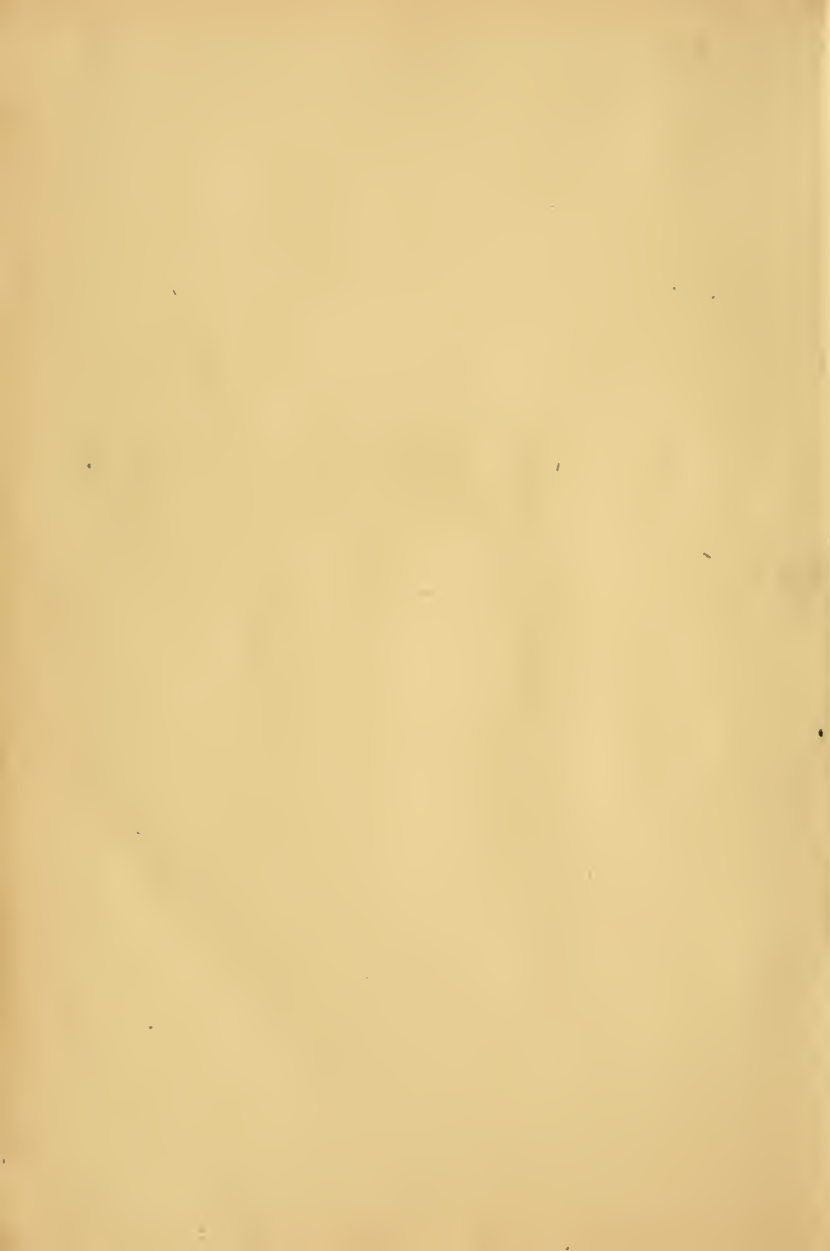
Class PS 2269

Book A1

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1906 ✓

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**





361  

---

908

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

16mo.

Cloth.

25c. each.

Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley.  
 Andersen's Fairy Tales.  
 Arabian Nights' Entertainments.  
 Arnold's Sohrab and Rostum.  
 Bacon's Essays.  
 Bible (Memorable Passages from).  
 Blackmore's Lorna Doone.  
 Browning, Mrs., Poems (Selected).  
 Browning's Shorter Poems.  
 Bryant's Poems.  
 Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.  
 Burke's Speech on Conciliation.  
 Byron's Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.  
 Byron's Shorter Poems.  
 Carlyle's Essay on Burns.  
 Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship.  
 Carroll's Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (Illustrated).  
 Chaucer's Prologue and Knight's Tale.  
 Church's The Story of the Iliad.  
 Church's The Story of the Odyssey.  
 Coleridge's The Ancient Mariner.  
 Cooper's The Deerslayer.  
 Cooper's The Last of the Mohicans.  
 Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.  
 De Quincey's Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.  
 De Quincey's Joan of Arc, and English Mail-Coach.  
 Dickens's A Christmas Carol, and The Cricket on the Hearth.  
 Dickens's A Tale of Two Cities.  
 Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.  
 Early American Orations, 1760-1824.  
 Edwards' (Jonathan) Sermons.  
 Eliot's Silas Marner.  
 Emerson's Essays.  
 Epoch-making Papers in U. S. History.  
 Franklin's Autobiography.  
 Gaskell, Mrs., Cranford. [Poems.  
 Goldsmith's Deserted Village and Other  
 Goldsmith's The Vicar of Wakefield.  
 Grimm's Fairy Tales.  
 Hawthorne's Grandfather's Chair.  
 Hawthorne's House of Seven Gables.  
 Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales.  
 Hawthorne's Twice-told Tales (Selections from).  
 Hawthorne's Wonder-Book.  
 Homer's Iliad. (Butcher and Lang.)  
 Homer's Odyssey. (Lang, Leaf and  
 Irving's Life of Goldsmith. [Myers)  
 Irving's Sketch Book.

Irving's The Alhambra.  
 Keary's Heroes of Asgard.  
 Kingsley's The Heroes.  
 Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.  
 Lamb's The Essays of Elia.  
 Longfellow's Evangeline.  
 Longfellow's Hiawatha. [Poems.  
 Longfellow's Miles Standish and Other  
 Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn.  
 Lowell's The Vision of Sir Launfal.  
 Macaulay's Essay on Addison.  
 Macaulay's Essay on Hastings.  
 Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive.  
 Macaulay's Essay on Milton.  
 Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.  
 Macaulay's Life of Samuel Johnson.  
 Milton's Comus and Other Poems.  
 Milton's Paradise Lost, Bks. I and II.  
 Old English Ballads.  
 Out of the Northland.  
 Palgrave's Golden Treasury.  
 Plutarch's Lives (Cæsar, Brutus, and  
 Poe's Poems. [Mark Antony.)  
 Poe's Prose Tales (Selections from).  
 Pope's Homer's Iliad.  
 Pope's The Rape of the Lock.  
 Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies.  
 Scott's Ivanhoe.  
 Scott's Lady of the Lake.  
 Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.  
 Scott's Marmion.  
 Scott's Quentin Durward.  
 Scott's The Talisman.  
 Shakespeare's As You Like It.  
 Shakespeare's Hamlet.  
 Shakespeare's Henry V.  
 Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.  
 Shakespeare's Macbeth.  
 Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.  
 Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.  
 Shelley and Keats: Poems.  
 Southern Poets: Selections.  
 Spenser's Faerie Queene, Book I.  
 Stevenson's Treasure Island.  
 Swift's Gulliver's Travels.  
 Tennyson's Idylls of the King.  
 Tennyson's Shorter Poems.  
 Tennyson's The Princess.  
 Thackeray's Henry Esmond.  
 Washington's Farewell Address and  
 Webster's Bunker Hill Orations.  
 Woolman's Journal.  
 Wordsworth's Shorter Poems.

# CONTENTS

## INTRODUCTION

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW	PAGE
A Sketch of Longfellow . . . . .	ix
Appreciations . . . . .	xviii
Chronological List of Works . . . . .	xxiii
Contemporary Authors . . . . .	xxiv
Biography and Criticism . . . . .	xxv
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN . . . . .	xxvi

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

PRELUDE . . . . .	1
The Wayside Inn . . . . .	1
THE LANDLORD'S TALE . . . . .	14
Paul Revere's Ride . . . . .	14
INTERLUDE . . . . .	20
THE STUDENT'S TALE . . . . .	23
The Falcon of Ser Federigo . . . . .	23
INTERLUDE . . . . .	36
THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE . . . . .	38
The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi . . . . .	38
INTERLUDE . . . . .	41

	PAGE
THE SICILIAN'S TALE . . . . .	43
King Robert of Sicily . . . . .	43
INTERLUDE . . . . .	53
THE MUSICIAN'S TALE . . . . .	55
The Saga of King Olaf . . . . .	55
I. The Challenge of Thor . . . . .	55
II. King Olaf's Return . . . . .	57
III. Thora of Rimol . . . . .	61
IV. Queen Sigrid the Haughty . . . . .	63
V. The Skerry of Shrieks . . . . .	66
VI. The Wraith of Odin . . . . .	71
VII. Iron-Beard . . . . .	74
VIII. Gudrun . . . . .	78
IX. Thangbrand the Priest . . . . .	80
X. Raud the Strong . . . . .	83
XI. Bishop Sigurd at Salten Fiord . . . . .	86
XII. King Olaf's Christmas . . . . .	90
XIII. The Building of the Long Serpent . . . . .	94
XIV. The Crew of the Long Serpent . . . . .	98
XV. A Little Bird in the Air . . . . .	101
XVI. Queen Thyri and the Angelica Stalks . . . . .	103
XVII. King Svend of the Forked Beard . . . . .	107
XVIII. King Olaf and Earl Sigvald . . . . .	111
XIX. King Olaf's War-horns . . . . .	113
XX. Einar Tamberskelver . . . . .	116
XXI. King Olaf's Death-drink . . . . .	118
XXII. The Nun of Nidaros . . . . .	121



	PAGE
INTERLUDE . . . . .	125
THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE . . . . .	129
Torquemada . . . . .	129
INTERLUDE . . . . .	139
THE POET'S TALE . . . . .	141
The Birds of Killingworth . . . . .	141
FINALE . . . . .	152
NOTES . . . . .	153
INDEX TO NOTES . . . . .	219



# INTRODUCTION

## A SKETCH OF LONGFELLOW

**Birth and Ancestry.**— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, America's most popular poet, was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was the second son of Stephen Longfellow, a prominent lawyer of Portland, and his wife, Zilpah Wadsworth, a woman of strong sensibilities and a great lover of music and poetry.

His ancestors were of stanch Puritan stock. On his father's side he was a descendant of William Longfellow, who came to America from Yorkshire, England, in 1651; and on his mother's side of John and Priscilla Alden, who were among the *Mayflower* passengers, and whose names he afterward made famous in *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

**School Days.**— Longfellow's youth, like that of most American boys, was spent in study and play.

He attended the Portland city schools for a number of years, after which he entered the Portland Academy to prepare himself for college. In 1821, in company with his elder brother, Stephen, he matriculated at Bowdoin, the youngest member of his class.

His career at Bowdoin was a notable one. While there he was associated with such young men as Nathaniel Hawthorne, Franklin Pierce, John S. C. Abbott, and George B. Cheever, among whom he took high rank in scholarship and popularity. He is described by one of his classmates as having at that time a slight, erect figure and an intelligent expression of countenance, and by one of his instructors as an attractive youth, with auburn locks, clear, fresh, blooming complexion, and, as might be expected, of well-bred manners and bearing.

**Early Verse.** — While in college Longfellow experimented much with poetry, and from time to time published poems in the *United States Literary Gazette* which were widely copied. These productions, although possessing no considerable merit in themselves, showed glimpses of poetic excellence which marked him as a promising writer. There was in them much of that simplicity of expression and sweetness of language and imagery which in later

years were to be leading characteristics of his verse. In the autumn of 1824 he was called upon to read a poem before the Peucinian Literary Society of the college, and the next summer was graduated with honors, standing second in a class of thirty-seven.

**Professor at Bowdoin. *Outre Mer.*** — After taking his degree Longfellow began the study of law in his father's office; but in 1826 was elected to the Professorship of Modern Languages at Bowdoin, — a position which he gladly accepted. In order to fit himself for the place he sailed for Europe, where he remained for three years, visiting France, Italy, Germany, and Spain, and studying their languages and literatures. He returned in 1829 and entered at once upon his duties.

His years at Bowdoin were busy ones. Besides acting as an instructor, he prepared elementary textbooks for his classes in French and Spanish, translated many sonnets and other short poems from various European languages, and wrote for the *North American Review* and the *New England Magazine*. In 1835 he published his first important work, *Outre Mer*. It is in prose and not unlike Irving's *Sketch-Book* in form, being a series of tales that have to do with the life and legends of the Continent. George William

Curtis, in commenting on it, says, "In this earliest book of Longfellow's the notable points are not power of invention, or vigorous creation, or profound thought, but a mellowness of observation, instinctively selecting the picturesque and characteristic details, a copious and rich scholarship, and the indefinable grace of the imagination which announces genius."

**Professor at Harvard. Literary Works, 1839-1842.**  
—The publication of *Outre Mer* brought Longfellow before the world as a recognized writer. This, added to his rising fame as a translator, led to his appointment as Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard to succeed Professor George Ticknor, who had resigned. Before taking up his new duties he again went to Europe, this time to study the Scandinavian languages. After an absence of two years, he returned in November, 1836, and began his work at Cambridge the following month. He at once became a favorite with the students, who respected him for his deep learning and courteous manners. As an instructor he was clear, patient, and encouraging, as well as scrupulously faithful to the tasks that fell to him.

But his professional duties did not turn him aside from his pursuit of literature. In 1839 he published a romance entitled *Hyperion* and his first volume of

poems, *Voices of the Night*; and two years later added another book of verse, *Ballads and Other Poems*. These productions were welcomed with great enthusiasm, critics and public alike pronouncing them of the highest merit. The volumes of verse, including such favorite selections as *Excelsior*, *A Psalm of Life*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *The Rainy Day*, *Maidenhood*, and *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, were especially well received, being read with delight by thousands of people on both sides of the Atlantic. Translations were made of them into many languages, and the poet was honored far and near.

In 1842 he asked for leave of absence, owing to ill health, and again visited Europe, spending several months in Germany, and returning late in the year. On his way home he composed his *Poems on Slavery*, which appeared at once, but which did little to increase his fame.

**Literary Works, 1843-1854.** — Longfellow next turned his attention to drama, and in 1843 brought out *The Spanish Student*, a three-act comedy. The work was eagerly read, thousands of copies of it being sold within a few weeks after its publication. But while it possessed much merit, it was recognized as having one vital weakness, — a lack of skill in character

portrayal. Edwin P. Whipple, in a criticism upon it, said: "In it the affluence of Longfellow's imagination in images of grace, grandeur, and beauty is most strikingly manifested. The objection to it as a play is a lack of power in the dramatic exhibition of character; but read merely as a poem cast in the form of dialogue it is one of the most beautiful in American literature. None of his other pieces so well illustrates all his poetical qualities, — his imagination, his fancy, his sentiment, and his manner. It seems to comprehend the whole extent of his genius."

Other works followed in rapid succession. *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems*, containing such pieces as *The Bridge*, *The Day is Done*, *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, *The Arsenal at Springfield*, and *the Arrow and the Song*, appeared in 1846; *Evangeline*, a story based on the expulsion of the Acadians by the English, in 1847; *Kavanagh*, a prose tale of New England life and manners, in 1849; *The Seaside and Fireside*, a collection of poems including *The Building of the Ship*, *Resignation*, *The Builders*, and other favorites in 1850; and *The Golden Legend*, a song of mediæval life in its aspects of religion and monasticism, in 1851. Everywhere they were greeted with delight. *Evangeline*, especially, appealed to the feelings of the civi-



lized world. A British critic, speaking of it, said: "It is one of the most pathetic and beautiful poetical narrations which has ever enriched our language. The pastoral scenes are lifelike daguerreotypes; there is an originality about the story of the lovers, and an appropriate solemnity of language throughout the whole piece, which, added to the beautiful descriptions which lie scattered among its pages, render it a truly fascinating if not enchanting poem."

**Resignation of Professorship. Literary Works, 1855-1868.**—In 1854 Longfellow resigned his professorship at Harvard to devote his whole time to literature, and the following year published *The Song of Hiawatha*, a poem dealing with the legends of the Ojibway Indians. Its theme had long been a popular one, but never before had it been handled with such charm and adroitness as now. Many critics pronounced it his greatest work, and innumerable reviews were written in praise of it. "Longfellow is the most accomplished poet of the day," said the *London Illustrated Times*, "and *Hiawatha* is unquestionably his ablest work. Every scene the Indian hero traverses is a breathing landscape, every adventure he meets with is a capital story." The *London Athenæum* said of it: "The tale itself is beautiful, fanciful

and new. . . . Longfellow has produced in an imaginary memoir of the hero, Hiawatha, a picture of Indian life as it exists in the forest and by the river, full of light and color, repose and action. In a word, the story of Hiawatha is the poet's most original production."

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*, a story of Puritan life and love, appeared next, in 1858; followed by the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, contained in this text, in 1863 *Flower-de-Luce*, a collection of short poems, in 1866 and *The New England Tragedies*, treating of scenes in early colonial times, in 1868. Of these four works the first two were at once placed among the classics of America, while the last two were put aside as comparative failures. Both *The Courtship of Miles Standish* and the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* were made the subject of many criticisms. As George William Curtis finished reading the latter, he wrote, "So ends this ripe and mellow work, leaving the reader like one who listens still for pleasant music i' the air which sounds no more. Those who will may compare it with the rippling strangeness of *Hiawatha*, the mournfully rolling cadence of *Evangeline*, the mediæval romance of *The Golden Legend*. For ourselves its beauty does not clash with theirs. The simple old

form of the group of guests telling stories, the thread of so many precious rosaries, has a new charm from this poem.”

**Honors in Europe. Later Literary Works.**— In 1868–1869 Longfellow revisited Europe, where he was received with marked distinction. In England, especially, he was greeted as America’s greatest literary representative, and was honored with the degrees of L.L.D. from Cambridge, and D.C.L. from Oxford. He travelled upon the Continent after leaving England, and returned to the United States by the way of Scotland after an absence of a year and a half.

Upon his return he set to work with renewed vigor. In 1870 he published a translation of Dante’s *Divine Comedy*, followed in 1871 by *The Divine Tragedy*, a poem on the life and suffering of the Christ; in 1872 by *Three Books of Song*; in 1874 by *Aftermath*, and in 1875 by *The Masque of Pandora and Other Poems*, containing the beautiful selections, *The Hanging of the Crane* and *Morituri Salutamus*.

**Last Literary Works. Death.**— But the poet’s long career was drawing to a close. In 1878 he published *Keramos and Other Poems*, and two years later his last work, *Ultima Thule*. In October, 1881, he fell a victim to nervous prostration, which stopped all

further literary efforts, and in the spring of the next year succumbed to an attack of peritonitis after a brief illness. He died on March 24 and was buried at Cambridge. Shortly after his death a small volume of his verse was collected and published under the title of *In the Harbor*.

### APPRECIATIONS

“Of all our poets, Longfellow best deserves the title of artist. He has studied the principles of verbal melody, and rendered himself master of the mysterious affinities which exist between sound and sense, word and thought, feeling and expression. This tact in the use of language is probably the chief cause of his success. There is an aptitude, a gracefulness, and vivid beauty, in many of his stanzas, which at once impress the memory and win the ear and heart.” — R. W. GRISWOLD, *Poets and Poetry of America*.

“We shall only say that Longfellow is the most popular of American poets, and that this popularity may safely be assumed to contain in itself the elements of permanence, since it has been fairly earned without any of that subservience to the baser tastes of the public which characterizes the quack of letters. His

are laurels honorably gained and gently worn. Without comparing him with others, it is enough if we declare our conviction that he has composed poems which will live as long as the language in which they are written." — JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *North American Review* for July, 1849.

"We are thankful that the present age is graced by such a poet as Mr. Longfellow, whose extraordinary accomplishment and research, and devotion to his high calling, can hardly be overrated. His productions must always command our deep attention, for in them we are certain to meet with great beauty of thought and very elegant diction." — *Blackwood's Magazine* for February, 1852.

"Nothing can exceed the exquisite beauty of some of his smaller pieces, while they also abound in that richness of expression and imagery which the Romantic muse is supposed to claim as her more especial attribute. The melody of his versification is very remarkable; some of his stanzas sound with the richest and sweetest music of which language is capable. It is unnecessary to illustrate this remark by quotations: the memories of all readers of poetry involuntarily retain them. In the range of American poetry, it would not be easy to find any that is so readily re-

membered, that has sunk so deeply into the hearts of the people, and that so spontaneously rises to the speaker's tongue in the pulpit and the lecture-room." — Professor C. C. FELTON, *North American Review* for July, 1842.

“ In the point of refined tenderness and pathos Longfellow stands preëminent; few poets have equalled him in this department of the divine art. His sympathies are deep and unbounded. In this respect he is the poet of the people. If he builds gothic temples for others to inhabit, the warmer impulses of his heart lead him to choose a place by the ‘ Fireside ’ of the humble cottage, or the bed of the afflicted, where he delights to tarry, and read a moral to the rustic dwellers, from the ‘ forever, never ’ of the ‘ Old Clock on the Stairs ’; sing a ‘ Psalm of Life ’; point to the ‘ Footsteps of Angels ’; and talk of ‘ Resignation ’ until the eyes of faith can catch a glimpse of the distant ‘ Sunrise on the Hills ’ of a brighter and better world. His tenderness is not the result of mere external sympathy. He looks at the springs of action, and fathoms the deep fountains of feeling; and with a refinement removed from vulgar impulse, claims a share in all the suffering endured by true worth in neglect, or crushed under accumulated

burdens. With such he weeps in hearty sympathy, and at the same time cheers with words of affectionate regard, which bring back energy and hope; or if the hour of expectation is past, he nerves the sufferer to 'endure what time cannot abate.' " — Rev. SIDNEY DYER, *Christian Review* for January, 1859.

"Longfellow's verse occupies a position halfway between the poetry of actual life and the poetry of transcendentalism. He idealizes real life; he elicits new meaning from any of its rough shows; he clothes subtle and delicate thoughts in familiar imagery; he embodies high moral sentiment in beautiful and ennobling forms; he inweaves the golden threads of spiritual being into the texture of common existence; he discerns and addresses some of the finest sympathies of the heart; but he rarely soars into those regions of abstract imagination, where the bodily eye cannot follow, but where that of the seer is gifted with a 'pervading vision.' Though he fixes a keen glance on those filmy and fleeting shades of thought and feeling which common minds overlook, or are incompetent to grasp, he has his eye open a little wider, perhaps, when its gaze is directed to the outward world, than when it is turned within. His imagination, in the sphere of its activity, is almost perfect

in its power to shape in visible forms, or to suggest, by cunning verbal combinations, the feeling or thought he desires to express; but it lacks the strength and daring, the wide, magnificent sweep, which characterize the imagination of such poets as Shelley. He had little of the unrest and frenzy of the bard. We know, in reading him, that he will never miss his mark; that he will risk nothing; that he will aim to do only what he feels he can do well. An air of repose, of quiet power, is around his compositions. He rarely loses sight of common interests and sympathies. He displays none of the stinging earnestness, the vehement sensibility, the gusts of passion, which distinguish poets of the impulsive class. His spiritualism is not seen in wild struggles after an ineffable Something, for which earth can afford but imperfect symbols, and of which even abstract words can suggest little knowledge. He appears perfectly satisfied with his work. Like his own 'Village Blacksmith,' he retires every night with the feeling that something has been attempted and something done." — EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, *Essays and Reviews*.



## CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF WORKS

## VERSE

- Voices of the Night, 1839.  
Ballads and Other Poems, 1841.  
Poems on Slavery, 1842.  
The Spanish Student, 1843.  
The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems, 1846.  
Evangeline, 1847.  
The Seaside and Fireside, 1850.  
The Golden Legend, 1851.  
The Song of Hiawatha, 1855.  
The Courtship of Miles Standish, 1858.  
Tales of a Wayside Inn, 1863.  
Flower-de-Luce, 1867.  
The New England Tragedies, 1868.  
Dante's Divine Comedy (a translation), 1867-1870.  
The Divine Tragedy, 1873.  
Christus: a Mystery, 1872.  
Three Books of Song, 1872.  
Aftermath, 1874.

The Masque of Pandora and Other Poems, 1875.  
Keramos and Other Poems, 1878.  
Ultima Thule, 1880.  
In the Harbor, 1882.

## PROSE

Outre Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea, 1835.  
Hyperion, a Romance, 1839.  
Kavanagh, a Tale, 1849.

## CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878).  
Rálp Waldo Emerson (1803–1882).  
Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864).  
John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892).  
Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894).  
James Russell Lowell (1819–1891).  
Walt Whitman (1819–1892).  
  
Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881).  
Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800–1859).  
Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–1861).  
Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892).  
William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863).  
Robert Browning (1812–1889).

Charles Dickens (1812–1870).

George Eliot (1819–1880).

John Ruskin (1819–1900).

Matthew Arnold (1822–1888).

## BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM

The following lists of biography and criticism are by no means exhaustive. Hundreds of articles on Longfellow have been published, many of them of merit. It is the object here to suggest a few of the best.

**Biography.** — *Life and Memoirs* (3 vols.), by Samuel Longfellow; *Life*, by T. W. Higginson in American Men of Letters Series; *Life*, by E. S. Robertson, in Great Writers Series; *Life*, by G. R. Carpenter; *Life*, by George L. Austin; *Life*, by W. S. Kennedy.

**Criticism.** — Barrett Wendell, *Literary History of America*; R. H. Stoddard, *Homes and Haunts of our Elder Poets*; H. E. Scudder, *Men and Letters*; E. C. Stedman, *Poets of America*; W. E. Henley, *Views and Reviews*; C. F. Richardson, *American Literature*; E. P. Whipple, *Essays and Reviews*; H. T. Griswold, *Home Life of Great Authors*; G. W. Curtis, *Homes of American Authors*.

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

**Plan.** — The plan of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* — that of bringing together a number of persons who while away their idle hours in story-telling — is an expedient frequently employed in literature. As long ago as the fourteenth century Boccaccio used it in his *Decameron*, and since then many prominent authors have copied after him. Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales*; Tennyson, in his *Princess*; and Irving, in his *Tales of a Traveller*, are familiar examples.

That the expedient is a natural and convenient one goes without comment, and Longfellow's choice of it was a happy one. Not only did it give him an opportunity to display his great power of narrative, but it offered him a chance to show his exceptional skill in the handling of metres as well. From the simple, swift-moving ballad form of Paul Revere's Ride, through the great variety of measures — heroic, elegiac, lyrical — of the Saga of King Olaf, to the stately rhythm of King Robert of Sicily, he ran through almost the whole gamut known to English literature. "In short," as one critic aptly remarks, "in these tales the poet felt himself in his element: the music rolls

true and perfect, and with the power of all the pedals and stops at the musician's command."

**Sources.** — Longfellow went to many sources for the plots of his stories. Paul Revere's Ride is based on an incident which occurred at the beginning of the American Revolution; The Falcon of Ser Federigo is a paraphrase of Boccaccio's Ser Federigo and his Falcon, found in the Decameron; The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi is adapted from the Talmud; King Robert of Sicily is founded on an Italian legend of the mediæval church; The Saga of King Olaf is drawn from the old Scandinavian Eddas; and Torquemada is a poetical version of a Spanish tragedy of the days of the Inquisition. The Birds of Killingworth alone is a creation of the poet.

**Scene.** — The place where these stories are reputed to have been told was at the old Red Horse Inn, located in the village of Sudbury, twenty miles west of Boston. The building had been erected for a country residence about two hundred years before, by an Englishman named Howe, and had always remained in his family. His descendants, however, having lost their fortune, converted it into a tavern which soon became a popular resort. It is described as a large, irregular building with hipped roof and tall chimneys, surrounded by venerable trees. Within were the open fireplaces,

with their inviting glow; candles took the place of gas or electricity, old-fashioned furniture filled the rooms; and the long tables groaned beneath the loads of wholesome food cooked according to long-cherished recipes.

**Characters.** — According to Longfellow's own statement, all of the characters represented as taking part in the story-telling were real, most of them being well known to him. Three or four of them were in the habit of meeting from time to time at the Inn, — a thing which must have suggested the location of the scene, if not the plan of the work itself, — and to these he added others to make the group more complete and diversified. The innkeeper was Lyman Howe, the last of his family to occupy the old tavern, which was closed soon after his death in 1861; the Sicilian was Professor Luigi Monti, an author and lecturer of considerable note and a close friend of the poet; the student was Henry W. Wales; the musician was Ole Bornemann Bull, a noted Norwegian violinist and composer, who visited America several times between 1843 and 1880; the poet was Thomas William Parsons, best known to scholars for his translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*; the merchant was Israel Edrehi, a Boston Oriental dealer; and the theologian was Professor Daniel Treadwell of Harvard.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN





# TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

## °PRELUDE

### THE WAYSIDE INN

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury town,  
Across the meadows bare and brown,  
The windows of the wayside inn  
Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves  
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves 5  
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be,  
Built in the old Colonial day,  
°When men lived in a grander way, 10  
With ampler hospitality ;  
A kind of old °Hobgoblin Hall,  
Now somewhat fallen to decay,  
With weather-stains upon the wall,  
And stairways worn, and °crazy doors, 15  
And creaking and uneven floors,  
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.  
A region of repose it seems,  
A place of slumber and of dreams,

Remote among the wooded hills! 20  
For there no noisy railway speeds,  
Its torch-race scattering smoke and °gleeds;  
But noon and night, the panting teams  
Stop under the great oaks, that throw  
Tangles of light and shade below, 25  
On roofs and doors and window-sills.  
Across the road the barns display  
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,  
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,  
The wattled cocks strut to and fro, 30  
And, half effaced by rain and shine,  
°The Red Horse prances on the sign.  
Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode  
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust  
Went rushing down the county road, 35  
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,  
A moment quickened by its breath,  
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,  
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead  
Mysterious voices moaned and fled. 40

But from the parlor of the inn  
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,  
Like water rushing through a weir;  
Oft interrupted by the din

Of laughter and of loud applause, 45  
And, in each intervening pause,  
The music of a violin.  
The fire-light, shedding over all  
The splendor of its ruddy glow,  
Filled the whole parlor large and low; 50  
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,  
It touched with more than wonted grace  
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;  
It bronzed the rafters overhead,  
On the old spinet's ivory keys 55  
It played inaudible melodies,  
It crowned the sombre clock with flame,  
The hands, the hours, the maker's name,  
And painted with a livelier red  
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again; 60  
And, flashing on the window-pane,  
Emblazoned with its light and shade  
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,  
Writ near a century ago,  
By the great ° Major Molineaux, 65  
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

Before the blazing fire of wood  
Erect the rapt musician stood;  
And ever and anon he bent

His head upon his instrument, 70  
And seemed to listen, till he caught  
Confessions of its secret thought, —  
The joy, the triumph, the lament,  
The exultation and the pain;  
Then, by the magic of his art, 75  
He soothed the throbbings of its heart,  
And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease  
There sat a group of friends, entranced  
With the delicious melodies; 80  
Who from the far-off noisy town  
Had to the wayside inn come down,  
To rest beneath its old oak-trees.  
The fire-light on their faces glanced,  
Their shadows on the wainscot danced, 85  
And, though of different lands and speech,  
Each had his tale to tell, and each  
Was anxious to be pleased and please.  
And while the sweet musician plays,  
Let me in outline sketch them all, 90  
Perchance uncouthly as the blaze  
With its uncertain touch portrays  
Their shadowy semblance on the wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace;  
Grave in his aspect and attire; 95  
A man of ancient pedigree,  
A Justice of the Peace was he,  
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."  
Proud was he of his name and race,  
°Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh, 100  
And in the parlor, full in view,  
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,  
Upon the wall in colors blazed;  
He beareth °gules upon his shield,  
A °chevron argent in the field, 105  
With three wolf's heads, and for the crest  
A °Wyvern part-per-pale addressed  
Upon a helmet barred; below  
The scroll reads, "°By the name of Howe."  
And over this, no longer bright, 110  
Though glimmering with a latent light,  
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore,  
In the rebellious days of yore,  
Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways, 115  
A Student of old books and days,  
To whom all tongues and lands were known,

And yet a lover of his own ;  
 With many a social virtue graced,  
 And yet a friend of solitude ; 120  
 A man of such a genial mood  
 The heart of all things he embraced,  
 And yet of such fastidious taste,  
 He never found the best too good.  
 Books were his passion and delight, 125  
 And in his upper room at home  
 Stood many a rare and °sumptuous tome,  
 In vellum bound, with gold °bedight,  
 Great volumes °garmented in white,  
 Recalling °Florence, Pisa, Rome. 130  
 He loved the twilight that surrounds  
 The border-land of old romance ;  
 Where glitter °hauberk, helm, and lance,  
 And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,  
 °And ladies ride with hawk on wrist, 135  
 And mighty warriors sweep along,  
 °Magnified by the purple mist,  
 The dusk of centuries and of song.  
 The chronicles of °Charlemagne,  
 Of °Merlin and the °Mort d'Arthure, 140  
 Mingled together in his brain  
 With tales of °Flores and °Blanchefleur,

°Sir Ferumbras, °Sir Eglamour,  
 °Sir Launcelot, °Sir Morgadour,  
 °Sir Guy, °Sir Bevis, °Sir Gawain. 145

A young Sicilian, too, was there; —  
 In sight of Etna born and bred,  
 Some breath of its volcanic air  
 Was glowing in his heart and brain,  
 And, being rebellious to his liege, 150  
 After °Palermo's fatal siege,  
 Across the western seas he fled,  
 In good °King Bomba's happy reign  
 His face was like a summer night,  
 All flooded with a dusky light; 155  
 His hands were small; his teeth shone white  
 As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke;  
 His sinews supple and strong as oak;  
 Clean shaven was he as a priest,  
 Who at the mass on Sunday sings, 160  
 Save that upon his upper lip  
 His beard, a good palm's length at least,  
 Level and pointed at the tip,  
 Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.  
 The poets read he o'er and o'er, 165  
 And most of all the °Immortal Four

Of Italy; and next to those,  
 °The story-telling bard of prose,  
 Who wrote the joyous °Tuscan tales  
 Of the °Decameron, that make 170  
 °Fiesole's green hills and vales  
 Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.  
 Much too of music was his thought;  
 The melodies and measures fraught  
 With sunshine and the open air, 175  
 Of vineyards and the singing sea  
 Of his beloved Sicily;  
 And much it pleased him to peruse  
 °The songs of the Sicilian muse, —  
 °Bucolic songs by °Meli sung 180  
 In the familiar peasant tongue,  
 That made men say, "Behold! once more  
 The pitying gods to earth restore  
 °Theocritus of Syracuse!"

A Spanish Jew from °Alicant 185  
 With aspect grand and grave was there;  
 Vender of silks and fabrics rare,  
 And attar of rose from the °Levant.  
 Like an old °Patriarch he appeared,  
 Abraham or Isaac, or at least 190



Some later Prophet or High-Priest ;  
With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,  
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,  
The tumbling cataract of his beard.  
His garments breathed a spicy scent 195  
Of cinnamon and sandal blent,  
Like the soft aromatic gales  
That meet the mariner, who sails  
Through the °Moluccas, and the seas  
That wash the shores of °Celebes. 200  
All stories that recorded are  
By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,  
And it was rumored he could say  
°The parables of Sandabar,  
And all °the Fables of Pilpay, 205  
Or if not all, the greater part !  
Well versed was he in Hebrew books,  
°Talmud and °Targum, and the lore  
Of °Kabala; and evermore  
There was a mystery in his looks ; 210  
His eyes seemed gazing far away,  
As if in vision or in trance  
He heard the solemn °sackbut play,  
And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, °from the school 215  
 Of Cambridge on the Charles, was there;  
 Skilful alike with tongue and pen,  
 He preached to all men everywhere  
 The Gospel of the Golden Rule,  
 The New Commandment given to men, 220  
 Thinking the deed, and not the creed,  
 Would help us in our utmost need.  
 With reverent feet the earth he trod,  
 Nor banished nature from his plan,  
 But studied still with deep research 225  
 To build the Universal Church,  
 Lofty as is the love of God,  
 And ample as the wants of man.

A poet, too, was there, whose verse  
 Was tender, musical, and terse; 230  
 The inspiration, the delight,  
 The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,  
 Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem  
 The revelations of a dream,  
 All these were his; but with them came 235  
 No envy of another's fame;  
 He did not find his sleep less sweet  
 °For music in some neighboring street,

Nor rustling hear in every breeze

°The laurels of Miltiades.

240

Honor and blessings on his head

While living, good report when dead,

Who, not too eager for renown,

Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown!

Last the Musician, as he stood

245

Illumined by that fire of wood;

Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,

His figure tall and straight and lithe,

And every feature of his face

Revealing his Norwegian race;

250

A radiance, streaming from within,

Around his eyes and forehead beamed,

°The Angel with the violin,

Painted by Raphael, he seemed.

He lived in that ideal world

255

Whose language is not speech, but song;

Around him evermore the throng

Of elves and sprites their dances whirled;

The °Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled

Its headlong waters from the height;

260

And mingled in the wild delight

The scream of sea-birds in their flight,

The rumor of the forest trees,  
 The plunge of the implacable seas,  
 The tumult of the wind at night, 265  
 Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing,  
 Old ballads, and wild melodies  
 Through mist and darkness pouring forth,  
 Like °Elivagar's river flowing  
 Out of the glaciers of the North. 270

The instrument on which he played  
 Was in °Cremona's workshops made,  
 By a great master of the past,  
 Ere yet was lost the art divine;  
 Fashioned of maple and of pine, 275  
 That in °Tyrolian forests vast  
 Had rocked and wrestled with the blast:  
 Exquisite was it in design,  
 Perfect in each minutest part,  
 A marvel of the lutist's art; 280  
 And in its hollow chamber, thus,  
 The maker from whose hands it came  
 Had written his unrivalled name, —  
 °“Antonius Stradivarius.”

And when he played, the atmosphere 285  
 Was filled with magic, and the ear

Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,  
Whose music had so weird a sound,  
The hunted stag forgot to bound,  
The leaping rivulet backward rolled, 290  
The birds came down from bush and tree,  
The dead came from beneath the sea,  
The maiden to the harper's knee!

The music ceased; the applause was loud,  
The pleased musician smiled and bowed; 295  
The wood-fire clapped its hands of flame,  
The shadows on the wainscot stirred,  
And from the harpsichord there came  
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,  
A sound like that sent down at night 300  
By birds of passage in their flight,  
From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed; then began  
A clamor for the Landlord's tale, —  
The story promised them of old, 305  
They said, but always left untold;  
And he, although a bashful man,  
And all his courage seemed to fail,  
Finding excuse of no avail,  
Yielded; and thus the story ran. 310

## °THE LANDLORD'S TALE

### PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year. 5

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the °North Church tower as a signal light, —  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea; 10  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every °Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled  
oar 15  
Silently rowed to the °Charlestown shore,

Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar 20  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears, 25  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the °grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore. 30

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,  
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made 35  
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —  
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down

A moment on the roofs of the town, 40  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread, 45  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"

A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread 50  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —  
A line of black that bends and floats 55  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side, 60  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,



And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church, 65  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns, 70  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark 75  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the  
light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his  
flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat. 80  
He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
[s the °Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,

Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge, 85  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into °Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog, 90  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down. .

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock 95  
°Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon. 100

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to °the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze 105  
Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball. 110

You know the rest. In the books you have read,  
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane, 115  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm 120  
To every Middlesex village and farm, —  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past, 125  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere. 130

## INTERLUDE

THE Landlord ended thus his tale,  
Then rising took down from its nail  
The sword that hung there, dim with dust,  
And cleaving to its sheath with rust,  
And said, "This sword was in the fight." 5  
The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,  
"It is the sword of a good knight,  
Though homespun was his coat-of-mail;  
What matter if it be not named  
°Joyeuse, °Colada, °Durindale, 10  
°Excalibar, or °Aroundight,  
Or other name the books record?  
Your ancestor, who bore this sword  
As Colonel of the Volunteers,  
Mounted upon his old gray mare, 15  
Seen here and there and everywhere,  
To me a grander shape appears  
Than old Sir William, or what not,  
Clinking about in foreign lands

With iron gauntlets on his hands, 20  
And on his head °an iron pot!"

All laughed; the Landlord's face grew red  
As his °escutcheon on the wall;  
He could not comprehend at all  
The drift of what the Poet said; 25  
For those who had been longest dead  
Were always greatest in his eyes;  
And he was speechless with surprise  
To see Sir William's plumed head  
Brought to a level with the rest, 30  
And made the subject of a jest.

And this perceiving, to appease  
The Landlord's wrath, the others' fears,  
The Student said, with careless ease,  
"The ladies and the cavaliers, 35  
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,  
The deeds of high °emprise, I sing!  
Thus °Ariosto says, in words  
That have the stately stride and ring  
Of armed knights and clashing swords. 40  
Now listen to the tale I bring;  
Listen! though not to me belong

The flowing draperies of his song,  
The words that rouse, the voice that charms.  
The Landlord's tale was one of arms, 45  
Only a tale of love is mine,  
Blending the human and divine,  
A tale of the Decameron, told  
In °Palmieri's garden old,  
By °Fiametta, laurel-crowned, 50  
While her companions lay around,  
And heard the intermingled sound  
Of airs that on their errands sped,  
And wild birds gossiping overhead,  
And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall, 55  
And her own voice more sweet than all,  
Telling the tale, which, wanting these,  
Perchance may lose its power to please."

## °THE STUDENT'S TALE

### THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO

ONE summer morning, when the sun was hot,  
Weary with labor in his garden-plot,  
On a rude bench beneath his cottage eaves,  
Ser Federigo sat among the leaves  
Of a huge vine, that, with its arms outspread, 5  
Hung its delicious clusters overhead.  
Below him, through the lovely valley, flowed  
The river °Arno, like a winding road,  
And from its banks were lifted high in air  
The spires and roofs of °Florence called the Fair; 10  
To him a marble tomb, that rose above  
His wasted fortunes and his buried love.  
For there, in banquet and in tournament,  
His wealth had lavished been, his substance spent,  
To woo and lose, since ill his wooing sped, 15  
°Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,  
Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,  
The ideal woman of a young man's dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,  
To this small farm, the last of his domain, 20  
His only comfort and his only care  
To prune his vines, and plant the fig and pear;  
His only forester and only guest  
His falcon, faithful to him, when the rest,  
Whose willing hands had found so light of yore 25  
The brazen knocker of his palace door,  
Had now no strength to lift the wooden latch,  
That entrance gave beneath a roof of thatch.  
Companion of his solitary ways,  
° Purveyor of his feasts on holidays, 30  
On him this melancholy man bestowed  
The love with which his nature overflowed.  
And so the empty-handed years went round,  
Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic sound,  
And so, that summer morn, he sat and mused 35  
With folded, patient hands, as he was used,  
And dreamily before his half-closed sight  
Floated the vision of his lost delight.  
Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird  
Dreamed of the chase, and in his slumber heard 40  
The sudden, scythe-like sweep of wings, that dare  
The headlong plunge thro' eddying gulfs of air,  
Then, starting broad awake upon his perch,



°Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in a church,  
And, looking at his master, seemed to say, 45  
“Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-day?”

Ser Federigo thought not of the chase;  
The tender vision of her lovely face,  
I will not say he seems to see, he sees  
In the leaf-shadows of the trellises, 50  
Herself, yet not herself; a lovely child  
With flowing tresses, and eyes wide and wild,  
Coming undaunted up the garden walk,  
And looking not at him, but at the hawk.  
“Beautiful falcon!” said he, “would that I 55  
Might hold thee on my wrist, or see thee fly!”  
The voice was hers, and made strange echoes start  
Through all the haunted chambers of his heart,  
As an °æolian harp through gusty doors  
Of some old ruin its wild music pours. 60

“Who is thy mother, my fair boy?” he said,  
His hand laid softly on that shining head.  
“Monna Giovanna. — Will you let me stay  
A little while, and with your falcon play?  
We live there, just beyond your garden wall, 65  
In the great house behind the poplars tall.”

So he spake on; and Federigo heard  
As from afar each softly uttered word,  
And drifted onward through the golden gleams  
And shadows of the misty sea of dreams, 70  
As mariners becalmed through vapors drift,  
And feel the sea beneath them sink and lift,  
And hear far off the mournful breakers roar,  
And voices calling faintly from the shore!  
Then, waking from his pleasant reveries, 75  
He took the little boy upon his knees,  
And told him stories of his gallant bird,  
Till in their friendship he became a third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her prime,  
Had come with friends to pass the summer time 80  
In her grand villa, half-way up the hill,  
O'erlooking Florence, but retired and still;  
With iron gates, that opened through long lines  
Of °sacred ilex and °centennial pines,  
And °terraced gardens, and broad steps of stone, 85  
And °sylvan deities, with moss o'ergrown,  
And fountains °palpitating in the heat,  
And all °Val d'Arno stretched beneath its feet.  
Here in seclusion, as a widow may,

The lovely lady whiled the hours away, 90  
Pacing in sable robes the statued hall,  
Herself the stateliest statue among all,  
And seeing more and more, with secret joy,  
Her husband risen and living in her boy,  
Till the lost sense of life returned again, 95  
Not as delight, but as relief from pain.  
Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his strength,  
Stormed down the terraces from length to length;  
The screaming peacock chased in hot pursuit,  
And climbed the garden trellises for fruit. 100  
But his chief pastime was to watch the flight  
Of a °gerfalcon, soaring into sight,  
Beyond the trees that fringed the garden wall,  
Then downward stooping at some distant call;  
And as he gazed full often wondered he 105  
Who might the master of the falcon be,  
Until that happy morning, when he found  
Master and falcon in the cottage ground.  
And now a shadow and a terror fell  
On the great house, as if a °passing-bell 110  
Tolled from the tower, and filled each spacious room  
With secret awe, and °preternatural gloom;  
The petted boy grew ill, and day by day  
Pined with mysterious malady away.

The mother's heart would not be comforted ; 115  
Her darling seemed to her already dead,  
And often, sitting by the sufferer's side,  
"What can I do to comfort thee?" she cried.  
At first the silent lips made no reply,  
But, moved at length by her °importunate cry, 120  
"Give me," he answered, with imploring tone,  
"Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!"

No answer could the astonished mother make;  
How could she ask, e'en for her darling's sake,  
Such favor at a luckless lover's hand, 125  
Well knowing that to ask was to command?  
Well knowing, what all falconers confessed,  
In all the land that falcon was the best,  
The master's pride and passion and delight,  
And the sole °pursuivant of this poor knight. 130  
But yet, for her child's sake, she could no less  
Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness,  
So promised, and then promising to keep  
Her promise sacred, saw him fall asleep.

The morrow was a bright September morn ; 135  
The earth was beautiful as if new-born ;  
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,

That wild exhilaration in the air,  
Which makes the passers in the city street  
Congratulate each other as they meet. 140  
Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,  
Passed through the garden gate into the wood,  
Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen  
Of dewy sunshine showering down between.  
The one, close-hooded, had the attractive grace 145  
Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face;  
Her dark eyes moistened with °the mists that roll  
From the gulf-stream of passion in the soul;  
The other with her hood thrown back, her hair  
Making a golden glory in the air, 150  
Her cheeks suffused with an °auroral blush,  
Her young heart singing louder than the thrush.  
So walked, that morn, through mingled light and  
shade,  
Each by the other's presence lovelier made,  
Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend, 155  
Intent upon their errand and its end.

They found Ser Federigo at his toil,  
Like banished Adam, delving in the soil;  
And when he looked and these fair women spied,  
The garden suddenly was glorified; 160

° His long-lost Eden was restored again,  
 And the strange river winding through the plain  
 No longer was the Arno to his eyes,  
 But ° the Euphrates watering Paradise !

Monna Giovanna raised her stately head, 165  
 And with fair words of salutation said :  
 “ Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,  
 Hoping in this to make some poor amends  
 For past unkindness. I who ne'er before  
 Would even cross the threshold of your door, 170  
 I who in happier days such pride maintained,  
 Refused your banquets, and your gifts disdained,  
 This morning come, a self-invited guest,  
 To put your generous nature to the test,  
 And breakfast with you under your own vine.” 175  
 To which he answered : “ Poor desert of mine,  
 Not your unkindness call it, for if aught  
 Is good in me of feeling or of thought,  
 From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs  
 All sorrows, all regrets of other days.” 180

And after further compliment and talk,  
 Among the dahlias in the garden walk

He left his guests; and to his cottage turned,  
And as he entered for a moment yearned  
For the lost splendors of the days of old, 185  
The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,  
And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,  
By want embittered and intensified.

He looked about him for some means or way  
To keep this unexpected holiday; 190

Searched every cupboard, and then searched again,  
Summoned the maid, who came, but came in vain;

“The °Signor did not hunt to-day,” she said,  
“There’s nothing in the house but wine and bread.”

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook 195  
His little bells, with that sagacious look,

Which said, as plain as language to the ear,  
“If anything is wanting, I am here!”

Yes, everything is wanting, gallant bird!

The master seized thee without further word, 200  
Like thine own °lure, he whirled thee around; ah

me!

The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,  
The bells, the °jesses, the bright scarlet hood,  
The flight and the pursuit o’er field and wood,  
All these forevermore are ended now; 205

No longer victor, but the victim thou!

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he spread,  
Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of bread,  
Brought purple grapes with autumn sunshine hot,  
The fragrant peach, the juicy °bergamot; 210  
Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed,  
And with autumnal flowers the banquet graced.  
Ser Federigo, would not these suffice  
Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and spice?

When all was ready, and the courtly dame 215  
With her companion to the cottage came,  
Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell  
The wild enchantment of a magic spell;  
The room they entered, mean and low and small,  
Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-hall, 220  
With °fanfares by aerial trumpets blown;  
The rustic chair she sat on was a throne;  
He ate celestial food, and a divine  
Flavor was given to his country wine,  
And the poor falcon, fragrant with his spice, 225  
A peacock was, or bird of paradise!

When the repast was ended, they arose  
And passed again into the °garden-close.



Then said the lady, "Far too well I know,  
Remembering still the days of long ago, 230  
Though you betray it not, with what surprise  
You see me here in this familiar wise.  
You have no children, and you cannot guess  
What anguish, what unspeakable distress  
A mother feels, whose child is lying ill, 235  
Nor how her heart anticipates his will.  
And yet for this, you see me lay aside  
All womanly reserve and check of pride,  
And ask the thing most precious in your sight,  
Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight, 240  
Which if you find it in your heart to give,  
My poor, unhappy boy perchance may live."

Sir Federigo listens, and replies,  
With tears of love and pity in his eyes:  
"Alas, dear lady! there can be no task 245  
So sweet to me, as giving when you ask.  
One little hour ago, if I had known  
This wish of yours, it would have been my own.  
But thinking in what manner I could best  
Do honor to the presence of my guest, 250  
I deemed that nothing worthier could be  
Than what most dear and precious was to me,

And so my gallant falcon breathed his last  
To furnish forth this morning our repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with dismay, 255  
The gentle lady turned her eyes away,  
Grieving that he such sacrifice should make,  
And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,  
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride,  
That nothing she could ask for was denied; 260  
Then took her leave, and passed out at the gate  
With footstep slow and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo! a passing-bell  
Tolled from the little chapel in the dell;  
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said, 265  
Breathing a prayer, "Alas! her child is dead!"  
Three months went by; and lo! a merrier chime  
Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas time;  
The cottage was deserted, and no more  
Ser Federigo sat beside its door. 270

But now, with servitors to do his will,  
In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,  
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side  
Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,  
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair, 275

Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair,  
High-perched upon the back of which there stood  
The image of a falcon carved in wood,  
And underneath the inscription, with a date,  
"All things come round to him who will but wait." 280

## INTERLUDE

Soon as the story reached its end,  
One, over eager to commend,  
Crowned it with injudicious praise;  
And then the voice of blame found vent,  
And fanned the embers of dissent 5  
Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head;  
"These old Italian tales," he said,  
"From the much-praised Decameron down  
Through all the rabble of the rest, 10  
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;  
The gossip of a neighborhood  
In some remote provincial town,  
A scandalous chronicle at best!  
They seem to me a stagnant fen, 15  
Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,  
Where a white lily, now and then,  
Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds  
And deadly nightshade on its banks."

To this the Student straight replied, 20  
"For the white lily, many thanks!

One should not say, with too much pride,  
Fountain, I will not drink of thee!  
Nor were it grateful to forget,  
That °from these reservoirs and tanks 25  
Even imperial Shakspeare drew  
His °Moor of Venice and the °Jew,  
And Romeo and Juliet,  
And many a famous comedy.”

Then a long pause; till some one said, 30  
“An Angel is flying overhead!”  
At these words spake the Spanish Jew,  
And murmured with an inward breath:  
“God grant, if what you say is true  
It may not be the Angel of Death!” 35

And then another pause; and then,  
Stroking his beard, he said again:  
“This brings back to my memory  
A story in the °Talmud told,  
That book of gems, that book of gold, 40  
Of wonders many and manifold,  
A tale that often comes to me,  
And fills my heart, and haunts my brain,  
And never wearies nor grows old.”

## °THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

### THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read  
A volume of the Law, in which it said,  
“No man shall look upon my face and live.”  
And as he read, he prayed that God would give  
His faithful servant with mortal eye  
To look upon His face and yet not die. 5

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page  
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,  
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,  
Holding a naked sword in his right hand. 10  
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,  
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.  
With trembling voice he said, “What wilt thou here?”  
The angel answered, “Lo! the time draws near  
When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree, 15  
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee.”  
Replied the Rabbi, “Let these living eyes  
First look upon my place in Paradise.”

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look."  
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book, 20  
And rising, and uplifting his gray head,  
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said,  
"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way."  
The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,  
Then led him forth to the Celestial Town, 25  
And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down,  
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,  
Might look upon his place in Paradise.  
Then straight into the city of the Lord  
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword, 30  
And through the streets there swept a sudden breath  
Of something there unknown, which men call death.  
Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and cried,  
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied,  
"No! in the name of God, whom I adore, 35  
I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy One,  
See what the son of Levi here has done!  
The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,  
And in Thy name refuses to go hence!" 40  
The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth;  
Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?"

Let him remain; for he with mortal eye  
 Shall look upon my face and yet not die."  
 Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death 45  
 Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,  
 "Give back the sword, and let me go my way."  
 Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, "Nay!  
 Anguish enough already has it caused  
 Among the sons of men." And while he paused 50  
 He heard the awful mandate of the Lord  
 Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer;  
 Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear,  
 No human eye shall look on it again; 55  
 But when thou takest away the souls of men,  
 Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,  
 Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."

The Angel took the sword again, and swore,  
 And walks on earth unseen forevermore. 60



## INTERLUDE

HE ended: and a kind of spell  
Upon the silent listeners fell.  
His solemn manner and his words  
Had touched the deep, mysterious chords,  
That vibrate in each human breast 5  
Alike, but not alike confessed.  
The spiritual world seemed near;  
And close above them, full of fear,  
Its awful °adumbration passed,  
A luminous shadow, vague and vast. 10  
They almost feared to look, lest there,  
Embodied from the °impalpable air,  
They might behold the Angel stand,  
Holding the sword in his right hand.  
At last, but in a voice subdued, 15  
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,  
Said the Sicilian: "While you spoke,  
Telling your legend marvellous,  
Suddenly in my memory woke

The thought of one, now gone from us, — 20  
An old °Abate, meek and mild,  
My friend and teacher, when a child,  
Who sometimes in those days of old  
The legend of an Angel told,  
Which ran, if I remember, thus.” 25

## °THE SICILIAN'S TALE

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

° ROBERT of Sicily, brother of ° Pope Urbane  
And ° Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
On ° St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat 5  
And heard the priests chant the ° Magnificat.  
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words, "° *Deposuit potentes*  
*De sede, et exaltavit humiles*" ; 10  
And slowly lifting up his kingly head  
He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer  
meet,  
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree." 15  
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
" 'Tis well that such ° seditious words are sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;

For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is no power can push me from my throne!" 20  
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;  
The church was empty, and there was no light,  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and  
faint, 25

Lighted a little space before some saint.  
He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;  
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, 30  
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,  
And °imprecations upon men and saints.  
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls  
As if dead priests were laughing in their °stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from without 35  
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,  
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"  
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,  
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?" 40

The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
 "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"  
 Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;  
 A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
 Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak, 45  
 Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,  
 But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
 And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, 50  
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
 Bare-headed, breathless, and °besprent with mire,  
 With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
 Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;  
 Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage 55  
 To right and left each °seneschal and page,  
 And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
 His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
 From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;  
 Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed, 60  
 Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
 Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the °dais sat another king,

Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
 King Robert's self in features, form, and height, 65  
 But all transfigured with angelic light !

It was an Angel ; and his presence there  
 With a divine ° effulgence filled the air,  
 ° An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
 Though none the hidden Angel recognize. 70

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
 The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,  
 Who met his looks of anger and surprise  
 With the divine compassion of his eyes ;  
 Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou  
 here ? " 75

To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,  
 " I am the King, and come to claim my own  
 From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "   
 And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
 Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;  
 The Angel answered, with unruffled brow, 81  
 " Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou  
 Henceforth shalt wear ° the bells and scalloped cape,  
 And for ° thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;  
 Thou shalt obey my servants when they call, 85  
 And wait upon my ° henchmen in the hall ! "

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;  
A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding-door, 90  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam, 95  
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"  
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,  
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls, 100  
And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.  
It was no dream; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again 105  
To Sicily the old °Saturnian reign;  
Under the Angel's governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's burning breast

° Enceladus, the giant, was at rest. 110

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,  
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn, 115

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,  
His only friend the ape, his only food

What others left, — he still was unsubdued.

And when the Angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say, 120  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel

° The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
“Art thou the King?” the passion of his woe

Burst from him in resistless overflow,

And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling 125

The haughty answer back, “I am, I am the King!”

Almost three years were ended; when there came  
Ambassadors of great repute and name

From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane 130

By letter summoned them forthwith to come

On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.

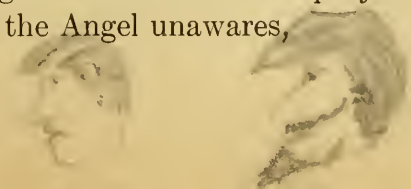
The Angel with great joy received his guests,



And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined, 135  
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
By the mere passing of that cavalcade, 140  
With plumes, and cloaks, and °housings, and the  
stir  
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the °menials, in mock state,  
Upon a °piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind, 145  
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and  
blare  
Of bannered trumpets, on °Saint Peter's square, 150  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.  
While with congratulations and with prayers  
He entertained the Angel unawares,



Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd, 155  
 Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
 "I am the King! Look, and behold in me  
 Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!  
 This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,  
 Is an impostor in a king's disguise. 160  
 Do you not know me? does no voice within  
 Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"  
 The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
 Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;  
 The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport 165  
 To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"  
 And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace  
 Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the °Holy Week went by,  
 And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky; 170  
 The presence of the Angel, with its light,  
 Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
 And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,  
 Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.  
 Even the Jester, on his bed of straw, 175  
 With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,  
 He felt within a power unfelt before,  
 And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heaven-  
ward. 180

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Flashing along the towns of Italy 185  
Unto °Salerno, and from there by sea.

And when once more within °Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,  
He heard the °Angelus from convent towers,  
As if the better world conversed with ours, 190  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;  
And when they were alone, the Angel said,  
"Art thou the King?" Then bowing down his head,  
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast, 195  
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!  
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,  
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!" 200  
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face

A holy light illumined all the place,  
And through the open window, loud and clear,  
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,  
Above the stir and tumult of the street: 205

“He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree!”  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:  
“I am an Angel, and thou art the King!” 210

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,  
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!  
But all appavelled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;  
And when his courtiers came, they found him there 215  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

## INTERLUDE

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman told  
A °Saga of the days of old.

“There is,” said he, “a wondrous book  
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,  
Of the dead kings of °Norroway, — 5  
Legends that once were told or sung  
In many a smoky fireside nook  
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,  
By °wandering Saga-man or Scald;  
°Heimskringla is the volume called; 10  
And he who looks may find therein  
The story that I now begin.”

And in each pause the story made  
Upon his violin he played,  
As an appropriate interlude, 15  
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes  
That bound in one the separate °runes,  
And held the mind in perfect mood,

Entwining and encircling all  
The strange and antiquated rhymes 20  
With melodies of olden times;  
As over some half-ruined wall,  
Disjointed and about to fall,  
Fresh woodbines climb and interlace,  
And keep the loosened stones in place. 25

# °THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

## THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

### I

#### °THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I AM the God °Thor,  
I am the War God,  
I am the Thunderer!  
Here in my Northland,  
My fastness and fortress, 5  
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs  
Rule I the nations;  
This is my hammer,  
Miölner the mighty; 10  
Giants and sorcerers  
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets  
Wherewith I wield it,  
And hurl it afar off; 15

This is my girdle ;  
Whenever I brace it,  
Strength is redoubled !

The light thou beholdest  
Stream through the heavens, 20  
In flashes of crimson,  
Is but my red beard  
Blown by the night-wind,  
Affrighting the nations !

° Jove is my brother ; 25  
Mine eyes are the lightning ;  
The wheels of my chariot  
Roll in the thunder,  
The blows of my hammer  
Ring in the earthquake ! 30

Force rules the world still,  
Has ruled it, shall rule it ;  
Meekness is weakness,  
Strength is triumphant,  
Over the whole earth 35  
Still is it Thor's-Day !



Thou art a God too,  
 O °Galilean!  
 And thus single-handed  
 Unto the combat,  
 Gauntlet or Gospel,  
 Here I defy thee!

40

## II

## °KING OLAF'S RETURN

AND King Olaf heard the cry,  
 Saw the red light in the sky,  
 Laid his hand upon his sword,  
 As he leaned upon the railing,  
 And his ships went sailing, sailing  
 Northward into °Drontheim fiord.

45

There he stood as one who dreamed;  
 And the red light glanced and gleamed  
 On the armor that he wore;  
 And he shouted, as the rifted  
 Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,  
 "I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

50

To avenge his father slain,  
 And reconquer realm and reign,

55

Came the youthful Olaf home,  
Through the midnight sailing, sailing,  
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,  
And the dashing of the foam.

60

To his thoughts the sacred name  
Of his mother Astrid came,  
And the tale she oft had told  
Of her flight by secret passes  
Through the mountains and morasses,  
To the home of °Hakon old.

65

Then strange memories crowded back  
Of °Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack,  
°And a hurried flight by sea;  
Of grim Vikings, and their rapture  
In the sea-fight, and the capture,  
And the life of slavery.

70

How a stranger watched his face  
In the Esthonian market-place,  
Scanned his features one by one,  
Saying, "We should know each other;  
I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,  
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son!"

75

Then as Queen Allogia's page,  
Old in honors, young in age, 80  
Chief of all her men-at-arms;  
Till vague whispers, and mysterious,  
Reached King Valdemar, the imperious,  
Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas, 85  
Westward to the Hebrides,  
And to Scilly's rocky shore;  
And the hermit's cavern dismal,  
Christ's great name and rites baptismal,  
In the ocean's rush and roar. 90

All these thoughts of love and strife  
Glimmered through his lurid life,  
As the stars' intenser light  
Through the red flames o'er him trailing,  
As his ships went sailing, sailing, 95  
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,  
Skilful in each manly sport,  
Young and beautiful and tall;  
Art of warfare, craft of chases, 100

Swimming, skating, snow-shoe races,  
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,  
He along the bending oars

Outside of his ship could run.

105

He the °Smalsor Horn ascended,  
And his shining shield suspended

On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand,  
Wield his sword with either hand,

110

And at once two javelins throw;

At all feasts where ale was strongest  
Sat the merry monarch longest,

First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen

115

One so beautiful of mien,

One so royal in attire,

When in arms completely furnished,  
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,

Mantle like a flame of fire.

120

Thus came Olaf to his own,

When upon the night-wind blown

Passed that cry along the shore;  
 And he answered, while the rifted  
 Streamers o'er him shook and shifted, 125  
 "I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

## III

## °THORA OF RIMOL

"THORA of Rimol! hide me! hide me!  
 Danger and shame and death betide me!  
 For Olaf the King is hunting me down  
 Through field and forest, through °thorpan and town!" 130  
 Thus cried Jarl Hakon  
 To Thora, the fairest of women.

"Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee  
 Neither shall shame nor death come near thee!  
 But the hiding-place wherein thou must lie 135  
 Is the cave underneath the swine in the sty."  
 Thus to Jarl Hakon  
 Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall Karker  
 Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon darker, 140

As Olaf came riding, with men in mail,  
 Through the forest roads into °Orkadale,  
     Demanding Jarl Hakon  
     Of Thora, the fairest of women.

“Rich and honored shall be whoever  
 The head of Hakon Jarl shall dissever!”  
 Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave,  
 Through the breathing-holes of the darksome cave.  
     Alone in her chamber  
     Wept Thora, the fairest of women. 145

Said Karker, the crafty, “I will not slay thee!  
 For all the king’s gold I will never betray thee!”  
 “Then why dost thou turn so pale, O churl,  
 And then again black as the earth?” said the Earl.  
     More pale and more faithful 155  
     Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the thrall started, saying,  
 “Round my neck a gold ring King Olaf was laying!”  
 And Hakon answered, “Beware of the king!  
 He will lay round thy neck a blood-red ring.” 160  
     At the ring on her finger  
     Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows encumbered,  
 But screamed and drew up his feet as he slumbered;  
 The thrall in the darkness plunged with his knife, 165  
 And the Earl awakened no more in this life.

But wakeful and weeping  
 Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At °Nidarholm the priests are all singing,  
 Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are swinging; 170  
 One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his thrall's,  
 And the people are shouting from windows and walls;  
 While alone in her chamber  
 Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

## IV

## °QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

QUEEN Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft 175  
 In her chamber, that looked over meadow and croft.

Heart's dearest,  
 Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent,  
 Filling the room with their fragrant scent. 180

She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun shine,  
 The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright river lay  
Between her own kingdom and Norroway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand, 185  
The sword would be sheathed, the river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee,  
Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune  
°Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun. 190

And through it, and round it, and over it all  
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold,  
From the door of Ladé's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift, 195  
But her thoughts as arrows were keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain,  
Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way,  
Said, "Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, say?" 200



And they answered: "O Queen! if the truth must be  
told,  
The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek,  
She only murmured, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be, 205  
There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,  
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of love,  
And swore to be true as the stars are above. 210

But she smiled with contempt as she answered: "O  
King,  
Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?"

And the King: "O speak not of Odin to me,  
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be."

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows, 215  
She said, "I keep true to my faith and my vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened with gloom,  
He rose in his anger and strode through the room.

“Why, then, should I care to have thee?” he said, —  
“A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!” 220

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,  
And he struck the Queen in the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled,  
And the wooden stairway shook with his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her breath, 225  
“This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy death!”  
Heart’s dearest,  
Why dost thou sorrow so?

V

°THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS

Now from all King Olaf’s farms  
His men-at-arms  
Gathered at the Eve of Easter;  
To his house at °Angvalds-ness

Fast they press,  
Drinking with the royal feaster.  
Loudly through the wide-flung door 235  
Came the roar  
Of the sea upon the °Skerry;  
And its thunder loud and near  
Reached the ear,  
Mingling with their voices merry. 240

“Hark!” said Olaf to his Scald,  
Halfred the Bald,  
“Listen to that song, and learn it!  
Half my kingdom would I give,  
As I live, 245  
If by such songs you would earn it!

“For of all the runes and rhymes  
Of all times,  
Best I like the ocean’s dirges,  
When the old harper heaves and rocks, 250  
His hoary locks  
Flowing and flashing in the surges!”

Halfred answered: “I am called  
The Unappalled!

Nothing hinders me or daunts me. 255  
 Harken to me, then, O King,  
     While I sing  
 The great Ocean Song that haunts me."

"I will hear your song sublime  
     Some other time," 260  
 Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,  
 And retires; each laughing guest  
     Applauds the jest;  
 Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard, 265  
     King Olaf's guard  
 Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping  
 O'er the sands, and up the hill,  
     Gathering still  
 Round the house where they were sleeping. 270

It was not the fog he saw,  
     Nor misty flaw,  
 That above the landscape brooded;  
 It was Eyvind Kallda's crew  
     Of °warlocks blue, 275  
 With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,  
     Weaving slow  
 Magic circles to encumber  
 And imprison in their ring  
     Olaf the King,  
 As he helpless lies in slumber.

280

Then athwart the vapors dun  
     The Easter sun  
 Streamed with one broad track of splendor! 285  
 In their real forms appeared  
     The warlocks weird,  
 Awful as the °Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,  
     They groped and stared  
     290  
 Round about with steps unsteady;  
 From his window Olaf gazed,  
     And, amazed,  
 "Who are these strange people?" said he.

"Eyvind Kellda and his men!"  
     295  
     Answered then  
 From the yard a sturdy farmer;  
 While the men-at-arms apace

Filled the place,  
Busily buckling on their armor. 300

From the gates they sallied forth,  
South and north,  
Scoured the island coast around them,  
Seizing all the warlock band,  
Foot and hand 305  
On the Skerry's rocks they bound them.

And at eve the king again  
Called his train,  
And, with all the candles burning,  
Silent sat and heard once more 310  
The sullen roar  
Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair  
Filled the air,  
Growing fainter as they listened; 315  
Then the bursting surge alone  
Sounded on; —  
Thus the sorcerers were christened!

“Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,  
Your ocean-rhyme,” 320

Cried King Olaf: "it will cheer me!"  
 Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,  
     "The Skerry of Shrieks  
 Sings too loud for you to hear me!"

## VI

## °THE WRAITH OF ODIN

THE guests were loud, the ale was strong,      325  
 King Olaf feasted late and long;  
 The hoary Scalds together sang;  
 O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.

    Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din;      330  
 A blast of cold night-air came in,  
 And on the threshold shivering stood  
 A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.

    Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King exclaimed, "O graybeard pale!      335  
 Come warm thee with this cup of ale."  
 The foaming draught the old man quaffed,  
 The noisy guests looked on and laughed.

    Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then spake the King: "Be not afraid; 340  
 Sit here by me." The guest obeyed,  
 And, seated at the table, told  
 Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er 345  
 The King demanded yet one more;  
 Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,  
 "'Tis late, O King, and time for bed."

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King retired; the stranger guest 350  
 Followed and entered with the rest;  
 The lights were out, the pages gone,  
 But still the garrulous guest spake on.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

As one who from a volume reads, 355  
 He spake of heroes and their deeds,  
 Of lands and cities he had seen,  
 And stormy gulfs that tossed between.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled 360  
 The °Havamal of Odin old,



With sounds mysterious as the roar  
Of billows on a distant shore.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

“Do we not learn from runes and rhymes 365  
Made by the gods in elder times,  
And do not still the great Scalds teach  
That silence better is than speech?”

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied, 370  
“Thy lore is by thy tongue belied;  
For never was I so enthralled  
Either by Saga-man or Scald.”

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The Bishop said, “Late hours we keep! 375  
Night wanes, O King! 'tis time for sleep!”  
Then slept the King, and when he woke  
The guest was gone, the morning broke.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

They found the doors securely barred, 380  
They found the watch-dog in the yard,  
There was no footprint in the grass,

And none had seen the stranger pass.  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said: 385  
 "I know that Odin the Great is dead;  
 Sure is the triumph of our Faith,  
 The one-eyed stranger was his wraith."  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

## VII

## ° IRON-BEARD

OLAF the King, one summer morn, 390  
 Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,  
 Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.

And to the ° Hus-Ting held at ° Mere  
 Gathered the farmers far and near,  
 With their war weapons ready to confront him. 395

Ploughing under the morning star,  
 Old Iron-Beard in ° Yriar  
 Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow,  
Unharnessed his horses from the plough, 400  
And clattering came on horseback to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls;  
Little he cared for king or earls:  
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foaming passions.

°Hodden-gray was the garb he wore, 405  
And by the Hammer of Thor he swore;  
He hated the narrow town, and all its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,  
His ale at night, by the fireside warm,  
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen tresses. 410

He loved his horses and his herds,  
The smell of the earth, and the song of birds,  
His well-filled barns, his brook with its watercresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame;  
His beard, from which he took his name, 415  
Frosty and fierce, like that of °Hymer the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,  
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,  
On horseback, with an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud, 420  
Out of the middle of the crowd,  
That tossed about him like a stormy ocean :

“Such sacrifices shalt thou bring ;  
To Odin and to Thor, O King,  
As other kings have done in their devotion !” 425

King Olaf answered : “ I command  
This land to be a Christian land ;  
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes !

“ But if you ask me to restore  
Your sacrifices, stained with gore, 430  
Then will I offer human sacrifices !

“ Not slaves and peasants shall they be,  
But men of note and high degree,  
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gryting !”

Then to their Temple strode he in, 435  
And loud behind him heard the din  
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood,  
The image of great Odin stood,  
And other gods, with Thor supreme among them. 440

King Olaf smote them with the blade  
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,  
And downward shattered to the pavement flung  
them.

At the same moment rose without,  
From the contending crowd, a shout, 445  
A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain  
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,  
Midway between the assailed and the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke: 450  
"Choose ye between two things, my folk,  
To be baptized or given up to slaughter!"

And seeing their leader stark and dead,  
The people with a murmur said,  
"O King, baptize us with thy holy water!" 455

So all the Drontheim land became  
A Christian land in name and fame,  
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon  
 King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun; 460  
 And thus in peace ended the Drontheim Hus-Ting!

## VIII

## ° GUDRUN

ON King Olaf's bridal night  
 Shines the moon with tender light,  
 And across the chamber streams  
 Its tide of dreams. 465

At the fatal midnight hour,  
 When all evil things have power,  
 In the glimmer of the moon  
 Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast, 470  
 Something in her hand is pressed;  
 Like an icicle, its sheen  
 Is cold and keen.

On the ° cairn are fixed her eyes  
 Where her murdered father lies, 475  
 And a voice remote and drear  
 She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this !  
Cold will be the dagger's kiss ;  
Laden with the chill of death  
Is its breath. 480

Like the drifting snow she sweeps  
To the couch where Olaf sleeps ;  
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,  
His eyes meet hers. 485

“What is that,” King Olaf said,  
“Gleams so bright above thy head ?  
Wherefore standest thou so white  
In pale moonlight ?”

“ ’Tis the °bodkin that I wear  
When at night I bind my hair ;  
It woke me falling on the floor ;  
’Tis nothing more.” 490

“Forests have ears, and fields have eyes ;  
Often treachery lurking lies  
Underneath the fairest hair !  
Gudrun beware !” 495

Ere the earliest peep of morn  
 Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn;  
 And forever sundered ride 500  
     Bridegroom and bride!

## IX

## °THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

SHORT of stature, large of limb,  
 Burly face and russet beard,  
 All the women stared at him,  
 When in Iceland he appeared. 505  
     "Look!" they said,  
     With nodding head,  
 "There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,  
 He could preach like ° Chrysostome, 510  
 From the Fathers he could quote,  
 He had even been at Rome.

    A learned clerk,  
     A man of mark,  
 Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest. 515

He was quarrelsome and loud,  
 And impatient of control,



Boisterous in the market crowd,  
Boisterous at the °wassail-bowl,  
Everywhere 520  
Would drink and swear,  
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this °malecontent  
Could the King no longer bear,  
So to Iceland he was sent 525  
To convert the heathen there,  
And away  
One summer day  
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books 530  
Pored the people day and night,  
But he did not like their looks,  
Nor the songs they used to write.  
"All this rhyme  
Is waste of time!" 535  
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,  
Came the Scalds and Saga-men;  
Is it to be wondered at,

- That they quarrelled now and then, 540  
 When o'er his beer  
 Began to leer  
 Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?
- All the folk in ° Altafiord  
 Boasted of their island grand; 545  
 Saying in a single word,  
 "Iceland is the finest land  
 That the sun  
 Doth shine upon!"  
 Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest. 550
- And he answered: "What's the use  
 Of this bragging up and down,  
 When three women and one goose  
 Make a market in your town!"  
 Every Scald 555  
 Satires scrawled  
 On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.
- Something worse they did than that;  
 And what vexed him most of all  
 Was a figure in ° shovel hat, 560  
 Drawn in charcoal on the wall;

With words that go  
 Sprawling below,  
 "This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did, 565  
 Then he smote them might and main,  
 Thorvald Veile and Veterlid  
 Lay there in the alehouse slain.  
 "To-day we are gold,  
 To-morrow mould!" 570  
 Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,  
 Back to Norway sailed he then.  
 "O, King Olaf! little hope  
 Is there of these Iceland men!" 575  
 Meekly said,  
 With bending head,  
 Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

## X

## ° RAUD THE STRONG

"ALL the old gods are dead,  
 All the wild warlocks fled; 580

But the White Christ lives and reigns,  
 And throughout my wide domains  
 His Gospel shall be spread !”

On the Evangelists  
 Thus swore King Olaf.

585

But still in dreams of the night  
 Beheld he the crimson light,  
 And heard the voice that defied  
 Him who was crucified,  
 And challenged him to the fight.

590

To Sigurd the Bishop  
 King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,  
 “The old gods are not dead,  
 For the great Thor still reigns,  
 And among the ° Jarls and Thanes  
 The old witchcraft still is spread.”

595

Thus to King Olaf  
 Said Sigurd the Bishop.

“Far north in the ° Salten Fiord,  
 By rapine, fire, and sword,  
 Lives the ° Viking, Raud the Strong ;

600

All the °Godoe Isles belong  
To him and his heathen horde."

Thus went on speaking 605  
Sigurd the Bishop.

"A warlock, a wizard is he,  
And lord of the wind and the sea;  
And whichever way he sails,  
He has ever favoring gales, 610  
By his craft in sorcery."

Here the sign of the cross made  
Devoutly King Olaf.

"With rites that we both abhor,  
He worships Odin and Thor; 615  
So it cannot yet be said,  
That all the old gods are dead,  
And the warlocks are no more,"

Flushing with anger  
Said Sigurd the Bishop. 620

Then King Olaf cried aloud:  
"I will talk with this mighty Raud,  
And along the Salten Fiord  
Preach the Gospel with my sword,

Or be brought back in my shroud!" 625  
 So northward from Drontheim  
 Sailed King Olaf!

## XI

## ° BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN FIORD

LOUD the angry wind was wailing  
 As King Olaf's ships came sailing  
 Northward out of Drontheim haven 630  
 To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray drenches  
 Fore and aft the rowers' benches,  
 Not a single heart is craven  
 Of the champions there on board. 635

All without the Fiord was quiet,  
 But within it storm and riot,  
 Such as on his Viking cruises  
 Raud the Strong was wont to ride.

° And the sea through all its tide-ways 640  
 Swept the reeling vessels sideways,

As the leaves are swept through sluices,  
When the flood-gates open wide.

“ ’Tis the warlock! ’tis the demon  
Raud!” cried Sigurd to the seamen; 645  
“ But the Lord is not affrighted  
By the witchcraft of his foes.”

To the ship’s bow he ascended,  
By his choristers attended,  
Round him were the tapers lighted, 650  
And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,  
In his robes, as one transfigured,  
And the Crucifix he planted  
High amid the rain and mist. 655

Then with holy water sprinkled  
All the ship; the mass-bells tinkled:  
Loud the monks around him chanted,  
Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted, 660  
On each side the water parted;

Down a path like silver molten  
Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships;

Steadily burned all night the tapers,  
And the White Christ through the vapors 665  
Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,  
As through ° John's Apocalypse, —

Till at last they reached Raud's dwelling  
On the little isle of Gelling;  
Not a guard was at the doorway, 670  
Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,  
Lay the dragon-ship he builded;  
'Twas the grandest ship in Norway,  
With its crest and scales of green. 675

Up the stairway, softly creeping,  
To the loft where Raud was sleeping,  
With their fists they burst asunder  
Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they found him, 680  
Dragged him from his bed and bound him,



While he stared with stupid wonder,  
At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said: "O Sea-King!  
Little time have we for speaking, 685  
Choose between the good and evil;  
Be baptized, or thou shalt die!"

But in scorn the heathen scoffer  
Answered: "I disdain thine offer;  
Neither fear I God nor Devil; 690  
Thee and thy Gospel I defy!"

Then between his jaws distended,  
When his frantic struggles ended,  
Through King Olaf's horn an adder,  
Touched by fire, they forced to glide. 695

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,  
As he gnawed through bone and marrow;  
But without a groan or shudder,  
Raud the Strong blaspheming died.

Then baptized they all that region, 700  
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,

Far as swims the salmon, leaping,  
 Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin  
 Lay in dust and ashes trodden, 705  
 As King Olaf, onward sweeping,  
 Preached the Gospel with his sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded  
 Dragon-ship that Raud had builded,  
 And the tiller single-handed, 710  
 Grasping, steered into the main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er him,  
 Southward sailed the ship that bore him,  
 Till at Drontheim haven landed  
 Olaf and his crew again. 715

## XII

## ° KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS

AT Drontheim, Olaf the King  
 Heard the bells of ° Yule-tide ring,  
 As he sat in his banquet-hall,  
 Drinking the nut-brown ale,

With his bearded Berserks hale  
And tall. 720

Three days his Yule-tide feasts  
He held with Bishops and Priests,  
And his horn filled up to the brim;  
But the ale was never too strong, 725  
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,  
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign  
He made of the cross divine,  
As he drank, and muttered his prayers; 730  
But the Berserks evermore  
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor  
Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance  
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance, 735  
And laugh in the eyes of the King;  
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,  
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,  
"Sing!"

"Sing me a song divine, 740  
With a sword in every line,

And this shall be thy reward."  
 And he loosened the belt at his waist,  
 And in front of the singer placed  
 His sword.

745

"°Quern-biter of Habon the Good,  
 Wherewith at a stroke he hewed,  
 The millstone through and through,  
 And °Footbreadth of Thoralf the Strong,  
 Were neither so broad nor so long,  
 Nor so true."

750

Then the Scald took his harp and sang,  
 And loud through the music rang  
 The sound of that shining word;  
 And the harp-strings a clangor made,  
 As if they were struck with the blade  
 Of a sword.

755

And the Berserks round about  
 Broke forth into a shout  
 That made the rafters ring:  
 They smote with their fists on the board,  
 And shouted, "Long live the Sword,  
 And the King!"

760

But the King said, "O my son,  
I miss the bright word in one  
Of thy measures and thy rhymes." 765

And Halfred the Scald replied,  
"In another 'twas multiplied  
Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt 770  
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,  
And said, "Do not refuse;  
Count well the gain and the loss,  
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross:  
Choose!" 775

And Halfred the Scald said, "This  
In the name of the Lord I kiss,  
Who on it was crucified!"  
And a shout went round the board,  
"In the name of Christ the Lord, 780  
Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows  
The noonday sun uprose,  
Through the driving mists revealed,  
Like the lifting of the Host, 785

By incense-clouds almost  
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast  
And shadowy cross was cast  
From the hilt of the lifted sword, 790  
And in foaming cups of ale  
The Berserks drank "° Was-hael!  
To the Lord!"

## XIII

## °THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

THORBERG SKAFTING, master-builder,  
In his ship-yard by the sea, 795  
Whistled, saying, " 'Twould bewilder  
Any man but Thorberg Skafting,  
Any man but me!"

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,  
Built of old by Raud the Strong, 800  
And King Olaf had commanded  
He should build another Dragon,  
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting,  
As he sat with half-closed eyes, 805

And his head turned sideways, drafting  
That new vessel for King Olaf  
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and hammered  
Mallet huge and heavy axe: 810  
Workmen laughed and sang and clamored;  
Whirred the wheels, that into rigging  
Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master, —  
It was music to his ear; 815  
Fancy whispered all the faster,  
“Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting  
For a hundred year!”

Workmen sweating at the forges  
Fashioned iron bolt and bar, 820  
Like a warlock's midnight ° orgies  
Smoked and bubbled the black caldron  
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,  
Thorberg Skafting, any curse? 825  
Could you not be gone a minute

But some mischief must be doing,  
Turning bad to worse ?

'Twas an ill wind that came wafting,  
From his homestead words of woe; 830  
To his farm went Thorberg Skafting,  
Oft repeating to his workmen,  
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning  
Came the master back by night; 835  
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,  
Hurried he, and did not leave it  
Till the morning's light.

“Come and see my ship, my darling!”  
On the morrow said the King; 840  
“Finished now from ° keel to carling;  
Never yet was seen in Norway  
Such a wondrous thing !”

In the ship-yard, idly talking,  
At the ship the workmen stared: 845  
Some one, all their labor balking,  
Down her sides had cut deep gashes,  
Not a plank was spared !



“Death be to the evil-doer!”

With an oath King Olaf spoke; 850

“But rewards to his pursuer!”

And with wrath his face grew redder  
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling,

Answered thus the angry King: 855

“Cease blaspheming and reviling,

Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting

Who has done this thing!”

Then he chipped and smoothed the planking,

Till the King, delighted, swore, 860

With much lauding and much thanking,

“Handsomest is now my Dragon

Than she was before!”

Seventy o'ells and four extended

On the grass the vessel's keel; 865

High above it, gilt and splendid,

Rose the figure-head ferocious

With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the tressels,

In the ship-yard by the sea; 870

She was the grandest of all vessels,  
 Never ship was built in Norway  
 Half so fine as she !

The Long Serpent was she christened,  
 'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer !  
 They who to the Saga listened  
 Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting  
 For a hundred year !

875

## XIV

## ° THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT

SAFE at anchor in Drontheim bay  
 King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,  
 And, striped with white and blue,  
 Downward fluttered sail and banner,  
 As alights the screaming lanner ;  
 Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,  
 The Long Serpent's crew.

880

885

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red ;  
 Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,  
 His teeth as large and white ;  
 His beard, of gray and russet blended,

Round as a swallow's nest descended ; 890  
As standard-bearer he defended  
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,  
Like the King in garb and face,  
So gallant and so hale ; 895  
Every cabin-boy and varlet  
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet ;  
Like a river, frozen and star-lit,  
Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark, 900  
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,  
A figure gaunt and grand ;  
On his hairy arm imprinted  
Was an anchor, azure-tinted ;  
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted 905  
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare  
To the winds his golden hair,  
By the mainmast stood ;  
Graceful was his form, and slender, 910  
And his eyes were deep and tender

As a woman's, in the splendor  
Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork  
Watched the sailors at their work: 915

Heavens! how they swore!  
Thirty men they each commanded,  
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,  
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,  
Tugging at the oar. 920

These, and many more like these,  
With King Olaf sailed the seas,  
Till the waters vast  
Filled them with a vague devotion,  
With the freedom and the motion, 925  
With the roll and roar of ocean  
And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,  
How they roared through Drontheim's street,  
Boisterous as the gale! 930

How they laughed and stamped and pounded,  
Till the tavern roof resounded,  
And the host looked on astounded  
As they drank the ale!

Never saw the wild North Sea 935  
 Such a gallant company  
     Sail its billows blue!  
 Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,  
 °Old King Gorm, or °Blue-Tooth Harald,  
 Owned a ship so well appavelled, 940  
     Boasted such a crew!

## XV

## °A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR

A LITTLE bird in the air  
 Is singing of Thyri the fair,  
     The sister of Svend the Dane;  
 And the song of the °garrulous bird 945  
 In the streets of the town is heard,  
     And repeated again and again.  
     Hoist up your sails of silk,  
     And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said, 950  
 Was the beautiful Thyri wed,  
     And a sorrowful bride went she;  
 And after a week and a day,  
 She has fled away and away,

From his town by the stormy sea. 955  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and through cold,  
Through °weald, they say, and through °wold,  
By day and by night, they say, 960  
She has fled; and the gossips report  
She has come to King Olaf's court,  
And the town is all in dismay.  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other. 965

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,  
Has talked with the beautiful Queen;  
And they wonder how it will end;  
For surely, if here she remain,  
It is war with King Svend the Dane, 970  
And King Burislaf the Vend!  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other.

O, greatest wonder of all!  
It is published in hamlet and hall, 975  
It roars like a flame that is fanned!

The King — yes, Olaf the King —  
Has wedded her with his ring,  
And Thyri is Queen in the land!  
Hoist up your sails of silk, 980  
And flee away from each other.

## XVI

## QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS

NORTHWARD over Drontheim,  
Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,  
Sang the lark and linnet  
From the meadows green; 985

Weeping in her chamber,  
Lonely and unhappy,  
Sat the Drottning Thyri,  
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows 990  
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,  
On the roof above her  
Softly cooed the dove;

But the sound she heard not,  
Nor the sunshine heeded, 995

For the thoughts of Thyri  
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,  
Beautiful as morning,  
Like the sun at Easter 1000  
Shone his happy face;

In his hand he carried  
° Angelicas uprooted,  
With delicious fragrance  
Filling all the place. 1005

Like a rainy midnight  
Sat the Drottning Thyri,  
Even the smile of Olaf  
Could not cheer her gloom;

Nor the stalks he gave her 1010  
With a gracious gesture,  
And with words as pleasant  
As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,  
And her jewelled fingers 1015  
Through the green leaves glistened  
Like the dews of morn;



But she cast them from her,  
Haughty and indignant,  
On the floor she threw them 1020  
    With a look of scorn.

“Richer presents,” said she,  
“Gave °King Harald Gormson  
To the Queen, my mother,  
    Than such worthless weeds; 1025”

“When he ravaged Norway,  
Laying waste the kingdom,  
Seizing °scatt and treasure  
    For her royal needs.

“But thou darest not venture 1030  
Through the Sound to °Vendland,  
My domains to rescue  
    From King Burislaf;

“Lest King Svend of Denmark,  
Forked Beard, my brother, 1035  
Scatter all thy vessels  
    As the wind the chaff.”

Then up sprang King Olaf,  
Like a reindeer bounding,

With an oath he answered 1040  
Thus the luckless Queen:

“Never yet did Olaf  
Fear King Svend of Denmark;  
This right hand shall hale him  
By his forked chin!” 1045

Then he left the chamber,  
Thundering through the doorway,  
Loud his steps resounded  
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult, 1050  
Through the streets of Drontheim  
Strode he red and wrathful,  
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,  
Summoned all his forces, 1055  
Making his war levy  
In the region round;

Down the coast of Norway,  
Like a flock of sea-gulls,  
Sailed the fleet of Olaf, 1060  
Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless,  
 Steered he the Long Serpent,  
 Strained the creaking cordage,  
     Bent each boom and gaff;                   1065

Till in Vendland landing,  
 The domains of Thyri  
 He redeemed and rescued  
     From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing,                   1070  
 "Not ten yoke of oxen  
 Have the power to draw us  
     Like a woman's hair! -

"Now will I confess it,  
 Better things are jewels                   1075  
 Than angelica stalks are  
     For a Queen to wear."

## XVII

## ° KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD

LOUDLY the sailors cheered  
 Svend of the Forked Beard,  
 As with his fleet he steered                   1080

Southward to Vendland;  
 Where with their courses hauled  
 All were together called,  
 Under the ° Isle of Svald  
 Near to the mainland.

1085

After Queen Gunhild's death,  
 So the old Saga saith,  
 Plighted King Svend his faith  
 To Sigrid the Haughty;  
 And to avenge his bride,  
 Soothing her wounded pride,  
 Over the waters wide  
 King Olaf sought he.

1090

Still on her scornful face,  
 Blushing with deep disgrace,  
 Bore she the crimson trace  
 Of Olaf's gauntlet;  
 Like a malignant star,  
 Blazing in heaven afar,  
 Red shone the angry scar  
 Under her ° frontlet.

1095

1100

Oft to King Svend she spake,  
 "For thine own honor's sake

Shalt thou swift vengeance take

On the vile coward !” 1105

Until the King at last,

Gusty and overcast,

Like a tempestuous blast

Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared, 1110

Svend of the Forked Beard

High his red standard reared,

Eager for battle;

While every warlike Dane,

Seizing his arms again, 1115

Left all unsown the grain,

Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King

Summoned in haste a Thing,

Weapons and men to bring 1120

In aid of Denmark;

Eric the Norseman, too,

As the war-tidings flew,

Sailed with a chosen crew

From °Lapland and °Finmark. 1125

So upon Easter day

Sailed the three kings away,

Out of the sheltered bay,  
 In the bright season;  
 With them Earl Sigvald came, 1130  
 Eager for spoil and fame;  
 Pity that such a name  
 Stooped to such treason!

Safe under Svald at last,  
 Now were their anchors cast, 1135  
 Safe from the sea and blast,  
 Plotted the three kings;  
 While, with a base intent,  
 Southward Earl Sigvald went,  
 On a foul errand bent, 1140  
 Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course,  
 Unto King Olaf's force,  
 Lying within the hoarse  
 Mouths of °Stet-haven; 1145  
 Him to ensnare and bring,  
 Unto the Danish king,  
 Who his dead corpse would fling  
 Forth to the raven!

## XVIII

## ° KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD

ON the gray sea-sands 1150  
King Olaf stands,  
Northward and seaward  
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl  
The sea-tides curl, 1155  
Washing the sandals  
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,  
The ships swing about,  
The yards are all hoisted, 1160  
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,  
The anchors are weighed,  
Like moths in the distance  
The sails flit and fade. 1165

The sea is like lead,  
The harbor lies dead,

As a corse on the sea-shore,  
Whose spirit has fled !

On that fatal day, 1170  
The histories say,  
Seventy vessels  
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide  
O'er the billows they ride, 1175  
While Sigvald and Olaf  
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl: "Follow me !  
I your pilot will be,  
For I know all the channels 1180  
Where flows the deep sea !"

So into the strait  
Where his foes lie in wait,  
Gallant King Olaf  
Sails to his fate ! 1185

Then the sea-fog veils  
The ships and their sails ;  
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,  
Thy vengeance prevails !



## XIX

## °KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

“STRIKE the sails!” King Olaf said; 1190

“Never shall men of mine take flight;

Never away from battle I fled,

Never away from my foes!

Let God dispose

Of my life in the fight!” 1195

“Sound the horns!” said Olaf the King;

And suddenly through the drifting °brume

The blare of the horns began to ring,

Like the terrible trumpet shock

Of °Regnarock, 1200

On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang

Over the level floor of the flood;

All the sails came down with a clang,

And there in the mist overhead 1205

The sun hung red

As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet

Three together the ships were lashed,

So that neither should turn and retreat; 1210

In the midst, but in front of the rest  
 The burnished crest  
 Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,  
 With bow of ash and arrows of oak, 1215  
 His gilded shield was without a fleck,  
 His helmet-inlaid with gold,  
 And in many a fold  
 Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red 1220  
 Watched the lashing of the ships;  
 "If the Serpent lie so far ahead,  
 We shall have hard work of it here,"  
 Said he with a sneer  
 On his bearded lips. 1225

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,  
 "Have I a coward on board?" said he.  
 "Shoot it another way, O King!"  
 Sullenly answered Ulf,  
 The old sea-wolf; 1230  
 "You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,  
 Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;

To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes;  
And on board of the Iron Beard 1235  
    Earl Eric steered  
On the left with his oars.

“These soft Danes and Swedes,” said the King,  
“At home with their wives had better stay,  
Than come within reach of my Serpent’s sting:  
But where Eric the Norseman leads 1241  
    Heroic deeds  
Will be done to-day!”

Then as together the vessels crashed,  
Eric severed the cables of hide, 1245  
With which King Olaf’s ships were lashed,  
And left them to drive and drift  
    With the currents swift  
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl, 1250  
Sharper the dragons bite and sting!  
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl  
A death-drink salt as the sea  
    Pledges to thee,  
Olaf the King! 1255

## XX

## ° EINAR TAMBERSKELVER

IT was Einar Tamberskelver  
 Stood beside the mast;  
 From his yew-bow, tipped with silver,  
 Flew the arrows fast;  
 Aimed at Eric unavailing, 1260  
 As he sat concealed,  
 Half behind the quarter-railing,  
 Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,  
 Just above his head; 1265  
 "Sing, O Eyvind °Skaldaspiller,"  
 Then Earl Eric said.

"Sing the song of Hakon dying,  
 Sing his funeral wail!"  
 And another arrow flying 1270  
 Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,  
 As the arrow passed,  
 Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman  
 Standing by the mast." 1275

Sooner than the word was spoken  
Flew the yeoman's shaft;  
Einar's bow in twain was broken,  
Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing 1280  
On the quarter-deck.

"Something heard I like the stranding  
Of a shattered wreck."

Einar then, the arrow taking  
From the loosened string, 1285  
Answered, "That was Norway breaking  
From thy hand, O king!"

"Thou art but a poor diviner,"  
Straightway Olaf said;

"Take my bow, and swifter, Einar, 1290  
Let thy shafts be sped."

Of his bows the fairest choosing,  
Reached he from above;

Einar saw the blood-drops oozing  
Through his iron glove. 1295

But the bow was thin and narrow;  
At the first °assay,

O'er its head he drew the arrow,  
 Flung the bow away;  
 Said, with hot and angry temper 1300  
 Flushing in his cheek,  
 "Olaf! for so great a °Kämper  
 Are thy bows too weak!"

Then, with smile of joy defiant  
 On his beardless lip, 1305  
 Scaled he, light and self-reliant,  
 Eric's dragon-ship.

Loose his golden locks were flowing,  
 Bright his armor gleamed;  
 °Like Saint Michael overthrowing 1310  
 Lucifer he seemed.

## XXI

## °KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK

ALL day has the battle raged,  
 All day have the ships engaged,  
 But not yet is °assuaged  
 The vengeance of Eric the Earl. 1315

The decks with blood are red,  
 The arrows of death are sped,

The ships are filled with the dead,  
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide, 1320  
The grappling-irons are plied,  
The boarders climb up the side,  
The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah! never shall Norway again  
See her sailors come back o'er the main; 1325  
They all lie wounded or slain,  
Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King,  
Around him whistle and sing  
The spears that the foemen fling, 1330  
And the stones they hurl with their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the spears,  
Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,  
His shield in the air he uprears,  
By the side of King Olaf he stands. 1335

Over the slippery wreck  
Of the Long Serpent's deck  
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,  
His lips with anger are pale;

He hews with his axe at the mast, 1340  
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,  
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast  
Dim °forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,  
He rushes aft with his men, 1345  
As a hunter into the den  
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

“Remember Jarl Hakon!” he cries;  
When lo! on his wondering eyes,  
Two kingly figures arise, 1350  
Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear  
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,  
In a whisper that none may hear,  
With a smile on his tremulous lip; 1355

Two shields raised high in the air,  
Two flashes of golden hair,  
Two scarlet meteors' glare,  
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats 1360  
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,



And cry, from their hairy throats,  
 "See! it is Olaf the King!"

While far on the opposite side  
 Floats another shield on the tide, 1365  
 Like a jewel set in the wide  
 Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,  
 How the King stripped off his mail,  
 Like leaves of the brown °sea-kale, 1370  
 As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray,  
 And never, by night or by day,  
 In his kingdom of Norroway  
 Was King Olaf seen again! 1375

## XXII

## °THE NUN OF NIDAROS

In the convent of Drontheim,  
 Alone in her chamber  
 Knelt Astrid the Abbess,  
 At midnight, adoring,  
 Beseeching, entreating 1380  
 The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence  
The voice of one speaking,  
Without in the darkness,  
In gusts of the night-wind 1385  
Now louder, now nearer,  
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger  
It seemed as she listened,  
Of some one who answered, 1390  
Beseeching, imploring,  
A cry from afar off  
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,  
The beloved disciple, 1395  
Who wandered and waited  
The Master's appearance,  
Alone in the darkness,  
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted 1400  
The angry defiance,  
The challenge of battle!  
It is accepted,

But not with the weapons  
Of war that thou wieldest ! 1405

“Cross against corslet,  
Love against hatred,  
Peace-cry for war-cry !  
Patience is powerful ;  
He that o’ercometh 1410  
Hath power o’er the nations !

“As torrents in summer,  
Half dried in their channels,  
Suddenly rise, though the  
Sky is still cloudless, 1415  
For rain has been falling  
Far off at their fountains ;

“So hearts that are fainting  
Grow full to o’erflowing,  
And they that behold it 1420  
Marvel, and know not  
That God at their fountains  
Far off has been raining !

“Stronger than steel  
Is the sword of the Spirit ; 1425

Swifter than arrows  
The light of the truth is,  
Greater than anger  
Is love, and subdueth !

“Thou art a phantom, 1430  
A shape of the sea-mist,  
A shape of the brumal  
Rain, and the darkness  
Fearful and formless ;  
Day dawns and thou art not ! 1435

“The dawn is not distant,  
Nor is the night starless ;  
Love is eternal !  
God is still God, and  
His faith shall not fail us ; 1440  
Christ is eternal !”

## INTERLUDE

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,  
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,  
That with its cadence, wild and sweet,  
Made the long Saga more complete.

“Thank God,” the Theologian said, 5  
“The reign of violence is dead,  
Or dying surely from the world;  
While Love triumphant reigns instead,  
And in a brighter sky o’erhead  
His blessed banners are unfurled. 10  
And most of all thank God for this:  
The war and waste of clashing creeds  
Now end in words, and not in deeds,  
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,  
For thoughts that men call heresies. 15

“I stand without here in the porch,  
I hear the bell’s melodious din,  
I hear the organ peal within,

I hear the prayer, with words that scorch  
 Like sparks from an inverted torch, 20  
 I hear the sermon upon sin,  
 With threatenings of the last account.  
 And all, translated in the air,  
 Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,  
 And as the Sermon on the Mount. 25

"Must it be °Calvin, and not Christ?  
 Must it be °Athanasian creeds,  
 Or °holy water, books, and beads?  
 Must struggling souls remain content  
 With °councils and decrees of Trent? 30  
 And can it be enough for these  
 The Christian Church the year embalms  
 With evergreens and boughs of palms,  
 And fills the air with °litanies?

"I know that °yonder Pharisee 35  
 Thanks God that he is not like me;  
 In my humiliation dressed,  
 I only stand and beat my breast,  
 And pray for human charity."

"°Not to one church alone, but seven, 40  
 The voice prophetic spake from heaven;

And unto each the promise came,  
Diversified, but still the same;  
For him that overcometh are  
The new name written on the stone, 45  
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,  
And I will give him the Morning Star!

“°Ah! to how many Faith has been  
No evidence of things unseen,  
But a dim shadow, that recasts 50  
The ° creed of the Phantasiasts,  
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,  
For whom the Tragedy Divine  
Was but a symbol and a sign,  
And Christ a phantom crucified! 55

“For others a diviner creed  
Is living in the life they lead.  
The passing of their beautiful feet  
Blesses the pavement of the street,  
And all their looks and words repeat 60  
°Old Fuller’s saying, wise and sweet,  
Not as a vulture, but a dove,  
The Holy Ghost came from above.

“And this brings back to me a tale  
So sad the hearer well may quail,  
And question if such things can be;  
Yet in the chronicles of Spain  
Down the dark pages runs this stain,  
And naught can wash them white again,  
So fearful is the tragedy.”

65

70



## °THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

### TORQUEMADA

IN the heroic days when °Ferdinand  
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,  
And Torquemada, with his subtle brain,  
Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of Spain,  
In a great castle near °Valladolid, 5  
°Moated and high and by fair woodlands hid,  
There dwelt, as from the chronicles we learn,  
An old °Hidalgo proud and °taciturn,  
Whose name has perished, with his towers of stone,  
And all his actions save this one alone; 10  
This one, so terrible, perhaps 'twere best  
If it, too, were forgotten with the rest;  
Unless, perchance, our eyes can see therein  
The martyrdom triumphant o'er the sin;  
A double picture, with its gloom and glow, 15  
The splendor overhead, the death below.

This sombre man counted each day as lost  
On which his feet no sacred threshold crossed;

And when he chanced the passing Host to meet,  
He knelt and prayed devoutly in the street; 20  
Oft he confessed; and with each mutinous thought,  
As with wild beasts at °Ephesus, he fought.  
In deep contrition scourged himself in °Lent,  
Walked in processions, with his head down bent,  
At plays of °Corpus Christi oft was seen, 25  
And on °Palm Sunday bore his bough of green.  
His only pastime was to hunt the boar  
Through tangled thickets of the forest hoar,  
Or with his jingling mules to hurry down  
To some grand bull-fight in the neighboring town, 30  
Or in the crowd with lighted taper stand,  
When Jews were burned, or banished from the land.  
Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy;  
The demon whose delight is to destroy  
Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone, 35  
“Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!”

And now, in that old castle in the wood,  
His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood,  
Returning from their convent school, had made  
Resplendent with their bloom the forest shade, 40  
Reminding him of their dead mother's face,  
When first she came into that gloomy place, —

A memory in his heart as dim and sweet  
As moonlight in a solitary street,  
Where the same rays, that lift the sea, are thrown  
Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone. 46  
These two fair daughters of a mother dead  
Were all the dream had left him as it fled.  
A joy at first, and then a growing care,  
As if a voice within him cried, "Beware!" 50  
A vague presentiment of impending doom,  
Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room,  
Haunted him day and night; a formless fear  
That death to some one of his house was near,  
With dark surmises of a hidden crime, 55  
Made life itself a death before its time.  
Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame,  
A spy upon his daughters he became;  
With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors,  
He glided softly through half-open doors; 60  
Now in the room, and now upon the stair,  
He stood beside them ere they were aware;  
He listened in the passage when they talked,  
He watched them from the casement when they  
walked,  
He saw the gypsy haunt the river's side, 65  
He saw the monk among the cork-trees glide;

And, tortured by the mystery and the doubt  
Of some dark secret, past his finding out,  
Baffled he paused; then reassured again  
Pursued the flying phantom of his brain. 70  
He watched them even when they knelt in church;  
And then, descending lower in his search,  
Questioned the servants, and with eager eyes  
Listened incredulous to their replies;  
The gypsy? none had seen her in the wood! 75  
The monk? a mendicant in search of food!

At length the awful revelation came,  
Crushing at once his pride of birth and name,  
The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast,  
And the ancestral glories of the past; 80  
All fell together, crumbling in disgrace,  
A turret rent from battlement to base.

His daughters talking in the dead of night  
In their own chamber, and without a light,  
Listening, as he was wont, he overheard, 85  
And learned the dreadful secret, word by word;  
And hurrying from his castle, with a cry  
He raised his hands to the un pitying sky,  
Repeating one dread word, till bush and tree  
Caught it, and shuddering answered, "Heresy!" 90

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat drawn o'er his face,  
Now hurrying forward, now with lingering pace,  
He walked all night the alleys of his park,  
With one unseen companion in the dark,  
The Demon who within him lay in wait, 95  
And by his presence turned his love to hate,  
Forever muttering in an undertone,  
"Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"  
Upon the morrow, after early Mass,  
While yet the dew was glistening on the grass, 100  
And all the woods were musical with birds,  
The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful words,  
Walked homeward with the Priest, and in his room  
Summoned his trembling daughters to their doom.  
When questioned, with brief answers they replied, 105  
Nor when accused evaded or denied;  
Expostulations, passionate appeals,  
All that the human heart most fears or feels,  
In vain the Priest with earnest voice essayed,  
In vain the father threatened, wept, and prayed; 110  
Until at last he said, with haughty mien,  
"The Holy Office, then, must intervene!"

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain,  
With all the fifty horsemen of his train,

His awful name resounding, like the blast  
Of funeral trumpets, as he onward passed, 115  
Came to Valladolid, and there began  
To harry the rich Jews with fire and ban.  
To him the Hidalgo went, and at the gate  
Demanded audience on affairs of state, 120  
And in a secret chamber stood before  
A venerable graybeard of fourscore,  
Dressed in the hood and habit of a friar;  
Out of his eyes flashed a consuming fire,  
And in his hand ° the mystic horn he held, 125  
Which poison and all noxious charms dispelled.  
He heard in silence the Hidalgo's tale,  
Then answered in a voice that made him quail:  
"Son of the Church! ° when Abraham of old  
To sacrifice his only son was told, 130  
He did not pause to parley nor protest,  
But hastened to obey the Lord's behest.  
In him it was accounted righteousness;  
The Holy Church expects of thee no less!"  
A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain, 135  
And Mercy from that hour implored in vain.  
Ah! who will e'er believe the words I say?  
His daughters he accused, and the same day  
They both were cast into the dungeon's gloom,

That dismal antechamber of the tomb, 140  
Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to the flame,  
The secret torture and the public shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more  
The Hidalgo went, more eager than before,  
And said: "When Abraham offered up his son, 145  
He clave the wood wherewith it might be done.  
By his example taught, let me too bring  
Wood from the forest for my offering!"  
And the deep voice, without a pause, replied:  
"Son of the Church! by faith now justified, 150  
Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt;  
The Church absolves thy conscience from all guilt!"  
Then this most wretched father went his way  
Into the woods, that round his castle lay,  
Where once his daughters in their childhood played 155  
With their young mother in the sun and shade.  
°Now all the leaves had fallen; the branches bare  
Made a perpetual moaning in the air,  
And screaming from their eyries overhead  
The °ravens sailed athwart the sky of lead. 160  
With his own hands he lopped the boughs and  
bound  
Fagots, that crackled with foreboding sound,

And on his mules, caparisoned and gay  
With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent, 165  
Again to the Inquisitor he went,

And said: "Behold, the fagots I have brought,  
And now, lest my atonement be as naught,  
Grant me one more request, one last desire, —  
With my own hand to light the funeral fire!" 170

And Torquemada answered from his seat,  
"Son of the Church! Thine offering is complete;  
Her servants through all ages shall not cease  
To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!"

Upon the market-place, builded of stone 175

The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own.

At the four corners, in stern attitude,

Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood,

Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes

Upon this place of human sacrifice, 180

Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,

With clamor of voices dissonant and loud,

And every roof and window was alive

With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.

The church-bells tolled, the chant of monks drew  
near, 185



Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear,  
A line of torches smoked along the street,  
There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,  
And, with its banners floating in the air,  
Slowly the long procession crossed the square, 190  
And, to the statues of the Prophets bound,  
The victims stood, with fagots piled around.  
Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook,  
And louder sang the monks with bell and book,  
And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud, 195  
Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,  
Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,  
Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead!

O pitiless skies! why did your clouds retain  
For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain? 200  
O pitiless earth! why opened no abyss  
To bury in its chasm a crime like this?  
That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke  
From the dark thickets of the forest broke,  
And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away, 205  
Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day.  
Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed,  
And as the villagers in terror gazed,  
They saw the figure of that cruel knight

Lean from a window in the turret's height, 210  
His ghastly face illumined with the glare,  
His hands upraised above his head in prayer,  
Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell  
Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones 215  
Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones;  
His name has perished with him, and no trace  
Remains on earth of his afflicted race;  
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,  
Looms in the distant landscape of the Past, 220  
Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,  
Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath!



Into a fathomless abyss. 20  
°The Italian Tales that you disdain,  
Some merry Night of °Straparole,  
Or °Machiavelli's Belphagor,  
Would cheer us and delight us more,  
Give greater pleasure and less pain 25  
Than your grim tragedies of Spain!"

And here the Poet raised his hand,  
With such entreaty and command,  
It stopped discussion at its birth,  
And said: "The story I shall tell 30  
Has meaning in it, if not mirth;  
Listen, and hear what once befell  
The merry birds of Killingworth!"

## °THE POET'S TALE

### THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

IT was the season, when through all the land  
The °merle and °mavis build, and building sing  
Those lovely lyrics, written by °His hand,  
Whom °Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;  
When on the boughs the purple buds expand, 5  
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,  
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,  
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,  
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee; 10  
°The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud  
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;  
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,  
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,  
°Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said: 15  
“Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!”

Across the °Sound the birds of passage sailed,  
Speaking some unknown language strange and  
sweet

Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed  
 The village with the cheers of all their fleet;      20  
 Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed  
 Like foreign sailors, landed in the street  
 Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise  
 Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the °jocund Spring in Killingworth,      25  
 In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;  
 And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,  
 Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,  
 That mingled with the universal mirth,  
 °Cassandra-like, °prognosticating woe;      30  
 They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful  
 words  
 To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway  
 To set a price upon the guilty heads  
 °Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,      35  
 Levied black-mail upon the garden beds  
 And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay  
 The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;  
 The skeleton that waited at their feast,  
 Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.      40

Then from his house, a temple painted white,  
With ° fluted columns, and a roof of red,  
°The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!  
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,  
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right, 45  
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,  
“A town that boasts inhabitants like me  
Can have no lack of good society!”

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,  
The instinct of whose nature was to kill; 50  
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,  
And read, with fervor, °Edwards on the Will;  
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer  
In Summer on some °Adirondac hill;  
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane, 55  
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned  
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,  
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,  
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass, 60  
And all absorbed in reveries profound  
Of fair Almira in the upper class,  
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,  
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door, 65  
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;  
A suit of sable °bombazine he wore;  
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;  
There never was so wise a man before;  
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!" 70  
And to perpetuate his great renown  
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,  
With sundry farmers from the region round.  
The Squire presided, dignified and tall, 75  
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;  
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;  
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,  
But enemies enough, who every one  
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun. 80

When they had ended, from his place apart,  
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,  
And, trembling like a steed before the start,  
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;  
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart 85  
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,  
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,  
And quite determined not to be laughed down.



"°Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,  
 From his Republic banished without pity 90  
 The Poets; in this little town of yours,  
 You put to death, by means of a Committee,  
 The ballad-singers and the °Troubadours,  
 The street-musicians of the heavenly city,  
 The birds, who make sweet music for us all 95  
 In our dark hours, °as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day  
 From the green steeples of the piny wood;  
 The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,  
 Jargoning like a foreigner at his food; 100  
 The blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray,  
 Flooding with melody the neighborhood;  
 Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng,  
 That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain 105  
 Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,  
 Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,  
 Scratched up at random by industrious feet,  
 Searching for worm or weevil after rain!  
 Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet 110  
 As are the songs these uninvited guests  
 Sing at their feasts with comfortable breasts.

- "Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?  
 Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught  
 The dialect they speak, where melodies 115  
 Alone are the interpreters of thought?  
 Whose household words are songs in many keys,  
 Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!  
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops even  
 Are half-way houses on the road to heaven! 120
- "Think, every morning when the sun peeps through  
 The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,  
 How jubilant the happy birds renew  
 Their old, melodious °madrigals of love!  
 And when you think of this, remember too 125  
 'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
 The awakening continents, from shore to shore,  
 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.
- "Think of your woods and orchards without birds!  
 Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams 130  
 As in an idiot's brain remembered words  
 Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!  
 Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds  
 Make up for the lost music, when your teams  
 Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more 135  
 The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

“What! would you rather see the incessant stir  
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,  
And hear the locust and the grasshopper  
Their melancholy, °hurdy-gurdies play? 140  
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr  
Of meadow-lark, and its sweet °roundelay,  
Or twitter of little °field-fares, as you take  
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

“You call them thieves and pillagers; but know 145  
They are the winged wardens of your farms,  
Who from the corn-fields drive the insidious foe,  
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;  
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,  
Renders good service as your man-at-arms, 150  
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,  
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“How can I teach your children gentleness,  
And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess, 155  
Is still a gleam of God’s omnipotence,  
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less  
The selfsame light, although averted hence,  
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,  
You contradict the very things I teach?” 160

With this he closed; and through the audience went  
 A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;  
 The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent  
 Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;  
 Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment 165  
 Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.  
 The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,  
 A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,  
 Who had no voice nor vote in making laws, 170  
 But in the papers read his little speech,  
 And crowned his modest temples with applause;  
 They made him conscious, each one more than each,  
 He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.  
 Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee, 175  
 O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;  
 O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,  
 The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.  
 Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their  
 breasts, 180  
 Or wounded crept away from sight of men,  
 While the young died of famine in their nests;

A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,  
The very °St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead; 185

The days were like hot coals; the very ground  
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed

Myriads of caterpillars, and around  
The cultivated fields and garden beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found 190  
No foe to check their march, till they had made  
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

°Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,  
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly  
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun  
down 195

The canker-worms upon the passers-by,  
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,  
Who shook them off with just a little cry;  
They were the terror of each favorite walk,  
The endless theme of all the village talk. 200

The farmers grew impatient, but a few  
Confessed their error, and would not complain,  
For after all, the best thing one can do  
When it is raining, is to let it rain.

Then they repealed the law, although they knew 205  
It would not call the dead to life again;  
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,  
Drew a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came  
Without the light of his majestic look, 210  
°The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,  
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.  
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,  
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,  
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere, 215  
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,  
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,  
As great a wonder as it would have been  
If some dumb animal had found a tongue! 220  
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,  
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,  
All full of singing birds, came down the street,  
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,  
By order of the town, with anxious quest, 226

And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought  
In woods and fields the places they loved best,  
Singing loud ° canticles, which many thought  
Were satires to the authorities addressed, 230  
While others, listening in green lanes, averred  
Such lovely music never had been heard !

But blither still and louder carolled they  
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know  
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day, 235  
And everywhere, around, above, below,  
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,  
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,  
And a new heaven bent over a new earth  
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth. 240

## FINALE

THE hour was late; the fire burned low,  
The landlord's eyes were closed in sleep,  
And near the story's end a deep  
Sonorous sound at times was heard,  
As when the distant bagpipes blow. 5  
At this all laughed; the Landlord stirred,  
As one awaking from a swoond,  
And, gazing anxiously around,  
Protested that he had not slept,  
But only shut his eyes, and kept 10  
His ears attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said "Good Night."  
Alone remained the drowsy Squire  
To rake the embers of the fire,  
And quench the waning parlor light; 15  
While from the windows, here and there,  
The scattered lamps a moment gleamed,  
And the illumined hostel seemed  
The constellation of the Bear,  
Downward, athwart the misty air, 20  
Sinking and setting toward the sun.  
Far off the village clock struck one.



# NOTES

## PRELUDE

### THE WAYSIDE INN

THE Prelude serves as a general introduction to the tales that follow by introducing and characterizing the story-tellers and describing their place of meeting. The individuality of each person present should be carefully noted, so that as each tells his story his traits of character may be recalled. In connection with the study of the Prelude read the Prologue to Tennyson's *Princess*, and the Hunting Dinner in Irving's *Tales of a Traveller*.

**10. When men lived in a grander way.** Many of the houses built in colonial times were very large. See Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, Chap. I.

**12. Hobgoblin Hall.** A place frequented by ghosts.

**15. crazy doors.** Doors that are rickety and broken.

**22. gleeds.** Coals of fire, cinders (Archaic).

**32. The Red Horse prances on the sign.** It was once customary to place some figure or device upon a sign board in front of an inn, the inn frequently deriving its name from it. See "A Visit with Sir Roger to the County Assizes" in *Dr. Coverley Papers*, and l. 20, Prologue, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

63. **The jovial rhymes, etc.** The rhymes are as follows:—

“What do you think?  
 Here is good drink,  
 Perhaps you may not know it;  
 If not in haste,  
 Do stop and taste!  
 You merry folk will show it.”

65. **Major Molineaux.** On a pane near the one containing the rhymes is written, *William Molineaux jr. esq., June 24, 1774.* Hawthorne, in his story, *My Kinsman, Major Molineaux*, writes of a character by this name in a most interesting way.

100. **Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh.** Ancestors of the landlord.

104. **gules.** Red lines drawn vertically.

105. **chevron argent.** A device, white in color, consisting of two bars meeting at an angle in the centre of the shield.

107. **Wyvern part-per-pale.** A monster, part dragon, part serpent, cut through the middle by a perpendicular line.

109. **The scroll reads, “By the name of Howe.”** A motto is invariably included in a coat-of-arms, sometimes, as in this case, containing the family name.

127. **sumptuous tome.** Costly volume.

128. **bedight.** Adorned (rare).

129. **garmented in white.** Bound in white.

130. **Florence, Pisa, Rome.** Celebrated cities of Italy.

133. **hauberk.** A shirt of mail made of small steel rings interwoven.

135. **And ladies ride with hawk on wrist.** Falconry has been one of the favorite pastimes with the nobility of many

lands for centuries. The hawk is carried upon the wrist protected by a gauntlet.

**137-138. Magnified by the purple mist, etc.** Explain.

**139. Charlemagne.** Charles the Great (742-814), the most celebrated of the Frankish kings and emperor of Rome. He and his followers are the heroes of many mediæval romances.

**140. Merlin.** A famous magician of King Arthur's court. See Merlin and Vivien, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. **Mort d'Arthur.** A cycle of romances on the life and death of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table.

**142. Flores and Blanchefleur.** The hero and heroine of an early French metrical romance; also of Boccaccio's tale, *Il Filopoco*; and of The Franklin's Tale, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

**143. Sir Ferumbras.** One of the chief followers of Charlemagne and hero of a French romance which bears his name. **Sir Eglamour.** A celebrated knight of King Arthur's Round Table.

**144. Launcelot.** The chief of the Round Table knights. His wrong-doing had much to do with the downfall of King Arthur's kingdom.

**145. Sir Guy.** Guy of Warwick, a legendary hero of early English romance. **Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.** Renowned knights of the Round Table.

**151. Palermo's fatal siege.** In 1848 the inhabitants of Sicily rose in revolt against their Bourbon rulers, the people of Palermo, the chief city of the island, taking a leading part. The next year the city was bombarded and reduced, the revolutionists retiring to the interior. See note on l. 188, The Sicilian's Tale.

**153. King Bomba's happy reign.** The reign of Ferdinand II,

who ruled Sicily at the time of the revolt of 1848-1849, and who was given the nickname of " Bomba " because of his bombardment of the revolting cities, was in the main one of peace and prosperity.

**166. Immortal Four.** Dante (1265-1321), Petrarch (1304-1374), Ariosto (1474-1533), Tasso (1544-1595).

**168. The story-telling bard of prose.** Boccaccio (1313-1375), a famous Italian poet and novelist. His chief work is the *Decameron*. See introductory note to *The Student's Tale*.

**169. Tuscan tales.** Tales of Tuscany, a province or division of western Italy. Florence is situated in the northern part.

**170. Decameron.** See introductory note to *The Student's Tale*.

**171. Fiesole's green hills, etc.** Fiesole is a small village a short distance north of Florence. It was near here that the story-tellers of the *Decameron* sought refuge from the plague. See introductory note to *The Student's Tale*.

**180. Bucolic songs.** Songs relating to the life and occupation of shepherds. **Meli.** A Sicilian poet (1740-1815) whose works include odes, pastorals, and sonnets.

**184. Theocritus of Syracuse.** Theocritus, a celebrated Greek poet of the second century before Christ, was born at Syracuse, Sicily, where he spent much of his life. His works are largely pastoral in nature.

**185. Alicant.** A seaport in the southern part of Spain.

**188. Levant.** East. Specifically the countries of Turkey, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, Egypt, and others which are washed by the eastern part of the Mediterranean and adjoining waters.

**189. Patriarch.** A term applied to the father and ruler of a

family in Biblical history before the time of Moses, and later to dignitaries of the church.

**199. Moluccas.** A group of islands belonging to the Malay Archipelago ; noted for its production of spices.

**200. Celebes.** A large island belonging to the East Indies, which lies west of the Moluccas group.

**204. The Parables of Sandabar.** A mediæval collection of stories written in Hebrew ; known as the Mishle Sandabar.

**205. the Fables of Pilpay.** A collection of fables written in Sanskrit, the ancient language of the Hindoos.

**208. Talmud.** See introductory note to The Spanish Jew's Tale. **Targum.** The name applied to the translations made of the Old Testament by the Chaldeans.

**209. Kabala.** The mystic philosophy of the Jewish religion, claimed to have been delivered by revelation, and transmitted by oral tradition, serving for the interpretation of the hidden sense of the Scripture.

**213. sackbut.** A brass wind instrument, like a trumpet, so made that it can be shortened or lengthened according to the tone required ; said to be the same as the trombone.

**215-216. from the school, etc.** Harvard University.

**238. For music in some neighboring street.** Explain.

**240. The laurels of Miltiades.** Miltiades was a famous Athenian general. He commanded the Greeks at the battle of Marathon, in which the Persians were overwhelmed, and as a result was hailed as the savior of his country.

**253. The Angel with the violin.** In the centre of the celebrated fresco, *Poetry*, or *Apollo and the Muses on Parnassus*, designed by Raphael for the Vatican, is the figure of Apollo, who is represented as playing on a violin.

**259. Strömkarl.** Genius of the water.

**269. Elivagar's river.** A river of Norse mythology, said to take its rise in the spring Hvergelmer, which is located in the region of everlasting night and endless cold.

**272. Cremona's workshops.** Cremona is a province in the northern part of Italy, which is noted for the manufacture of violins and other stringed instruments.

**276. Tyrolian forests.** Tyrol is a heavily wooded province in the western part of Austria-Hungary.

**284. Antonius Stradivarius.** The greatest violin maker the world has ever had (1644-1737). His best violins were made between the years of 1700 and 1725.

## THE LANDLORD'S TALE

### PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

The incident upon which this poem is based—the famous ride of Paul Revere—is one of the favorite stories in American history. The ride took place on the night of April 18, 1775, the circumstances attending it being as follows: When the trouble which resulted in the Revolutionary War broke out between England and the colonists, a secret organization was formed at Boston and vicinity to watch the movements of the British officials. At first John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and Joseph Warren were the leaders of the society, but when Adams and Hancock left the city, Paul Revere and William Dawes became Warren's confidants.

As the trouble grew more and more serious, the colonists concluded that war was inevitable, and began to prepare for

it by collecting military stores at various places around Boston. At first the British officials gave but little attention to this act of hostility, but when the Americans sent word to them that any advance on their part to capture or destroy the stores would be regarded as a declaration of war, and would be met with open resistance, they decided that the time had come for them to act. Accordingly they laid plans to secretly despatch a force of eight hundred men to Concord to take possession of the supplies gathered there.

But despite their secrecy, Warren learned of their proposed raid at an early moment, and at once summoned Revere and Dawes to his assistance. Anticipating such a movement, Revere had arranged signals with friends in Charlestown by means of which he could inform them of the British plans, the signals being lights to be placed in the tower of the North Church, one if the troops went out by land and two if by water. As quickly as he learned of their proposed route, he sent a companion to display the lights, while he, with Dawes, made ready to spread the alarm. Rowing to Charlestown, he found a horse waiting for him, and avoiding the British sentinels, started for Lexington. As he passed through Medford, he aroused the people with a cry of "Up and arm! The regulars are out!" A little later he reached Lexington, where he found Adams and Hancock, and having given the alarm, started for Concord in company with Dawes and young Prescott, who had joined him there. A little way out of the village, however, he was stopped by a British patrol. But his mission was already accomplished. The alarm was spread far and wide by those whom he had aroused, and when the British advanced, it was to find the colonists prepared to meet them.

In connection with the study of the poem, read Browning's *How They brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* and Read's *Sheridan's Ride*.

**9. North Church.** The "Old North Church," or Christ Church, is one of the oldest and most impressive buildings in Boston. It was built in 1723, and still stands with very few signs of decay. Embedded in the masonry of the tower is a tablet bearing this inscription:—

The Signal Lanterns of  
Paul Revere,  
Displayed in the Steeple of this Church,  
April 18, 1775,  
Warned the Country of the March  
of the British Troops  
to Lexington and Concord.

**10. Middlesex.** The county in the northeastern part of Massachusetts in which Charlestown, Medford, Lexington, and Concord are situated.

**16. Charlestown shore.** North of Boston, across the Charles River.

**29. grenadiers.** Members of a regiment or corps composed of men of great stature, whose bravery was unquestioned.

**83. Mystic.** A river in the northeastern part of Massachusetts, flowing southeast into Boston Harbor. Revere's route lay along its south bank.

**102. the bridge in Concord town.** It was at this place that the Americans made their first determined stand against the British.



“By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
 Their flag to April’s breeze unfurled,  
 Here once the embattled farmers stood  
 And fired the shot heard round the world.”

—EMERSON, *Concord Hymn*.

## INTERLUDE

**10. Joyeuse.** The sword of Charlemagne. See note on l. 139, Prelude. **Colada.** The sword of the Cid (1040-1099), the national hero of Spain, famous for his deeds of bravery in the wars with the Moors. **Durindale.** The sword of Roland, a hero of Charlemagne’s army who was slain at the battle of Roncevalles in 778. According to legend, he came into possession of the sword by defeating the giant Jutmundus.

**11. Excalibar.** The sword of King Arthur, a British chieftain of the sixth century and hero of the Round Table romances. Legend has it that he was presented the sword by a sorceress known as the Lady of the Lake.

“And near him stood the Lady of the Lake  
 Who knows a subtler magic than his own —  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.  
 She gave the King his huge cross-hilted sword,  
 Whereby to drive the heathen out.”

—TENNYSON, *Coming of Arthur*, ll. 282-286.

**Aroundight.** The sword of Lancelot of the Lake. See note on l. 144, Prelude.

**21. an iron pot.** A helmet.

**23 escutcheon.** A surface, usually a shield, upon which is blazoned a coat-of-arms.

37. **emprise.** Enterprise, adventure (poetical).

38. **Ariosto.** A celebrated Italian poet (1474-1533), author of *Orlando Furioso*, a metrical romance, and a number of dramas.

49-50. **Palmieri's garden . . . Fiametta.** See introductory note to The Student's Tale.

## THE STUDENT'S TALE

### THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO

The plot of this story is drawn from the *Decameron* (see p. xxvii, Introduction), the masterpiece of Boccaccio, an Italian writer of the fourteenth century. The *Decameron* is made up of a series of short stories, one hundred in number, represented as having been told by a party of ten persons, who had fled from plague-stricken Florence, and taken refuge at a country residence a few miles away. To promote order, each member of the party was called upon in turn to act as leader for the period of a day, the insignia of office being a laurel crown. Story-telling at once became the favorite pastime, each person contributing one tale each day. "The Falcon of Ser Federigo" was told on the fifth day by Fiametta, who was ruler at the time. Following is the story as she told it:—

"At Florence dwelt a young gentleman named Federigo, who, in feats of arms and gentility, surpassed all the youth in Tuscany. This gentleman was in love with a lady called Monna Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence, and to gain her affection, he was continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions; lavishing away his money in rich presents,

and everything that was extravagant. But she made no account either of what he did for her sake, or of himself.

“As Federigo continued to live in this manner, spending profusely, and acquiring nothing, his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a very small farm, the income of which was a most slender maintenance, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world. Yet loving still more than ever, and finding he could subsist no longer in the city in the manner he would choose to live, he retired to his farm, where he went out fowling, as often as the weather would permit, and bore his distress patiently, without ever making his necessity known to anybody. Now it happened that the lady's husband fell sick, and being very rich, he made a will by which he left all his substance to an only son, and if he should die without issue, he then ordered that it should revert to his lady, whom he was extremely fond of; and when he had disposed thus of his fortune, he died. Monna Giovanna, now being left a widow, retired to a house of hers in the country, near to that of Federigo: whence it happened that her son soon became acquainted with him, and they used to divert themselves together with dogs and hawks; and the boy, having often seen Federigo's hawk fly, and being strangely taken with it, was desirous of having it, though the other valued it to that degree that he knew not how to ask for it.

“This being so, the boy soon fell sick, which gave his mother great concern, as he was her only child, and she ceased not to attend on and comfort him; often requesting, if there was any particular thing which he fancied, to let her know it, and promising to procure it for him if it was possible. The young gentleman, after many offers of this kind, at last said, ‘Madam,

if you could contrive for me to have Federigo's hawk, I should soon be well.' She was in some perplexity at this, and began to consider how best to act. She knew that Federigo had long entertained a liking for her, without the least encouragement on her part; therefore she said to herself, 'How can I send or go to ask for this hawk, which, I hear, is the very best of the kind, and which is all he has in the world to maintain him? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure that he has in life?' Being in this perplexity, though she was very sure of having it for a word, she stood without making any reply; till at last the love of her son so far prevailed, that she resolved at all events to make him easy, and not send, but go herself. She then replied, 'Set your heart at rest, my boy, and think only of your recovery; for I promise you that I will go to-morrow for it the first thing I do.' This afforded him such joy, that he immediately showed signs of amendment.

"The next morning she went, by way of a walk, with another lady in company, to Federigo's little cottage to inquire for him. At that time, as it was too early to go out upon his diversion, he was at work in his garden. Hearing, therefore, that his mistress inquired for him at the door, he ran thither, surprised and full of joy, whilst she, with a great deal of complaisance, went to meet him; and, after the usual compliments, she said, 'Good morning to you, sir; I am come to make you some amends for the losses you have sustained on my account, what I mean is, that I have brought a companion to take a neighborly dinner with you to-day.' He replied, with a great deal of humility, 'Madam, I do not remember ever to have suffered any loss by your means, but rather so much good, that if I was

worth anything at any time it was due to your singular merit, and the love I had for you ; and most assuredly this courteous visit is more welcome to me than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again ; but you are come to a very poor host.' With these words he showed her into his house, seeming much out of countenance, and thence they went into the garden, where, having no company for her, he said, ' Madam, as I have nobody else, please to admit this honest woman, a laborer's wife, to be with you, whilst I set forth the table.'

" Although his poverty was extreme, never till now had he been so sensible of his past extravagance; but finding nothing to entertain the lady with, for whose sake he had treated thousands, he was in the utmost perplexity, cursing his evil fortune, and running up and down like one out of his wits. At length, having neither money nor anything he could pawn, and longing to give her something, at the same time that he would not make his case known, even so much as to his own laborer, he espied his hawk upon the perch, seized it, and finding it very fat, judged it might make a dish not unworthy of such a lady. Without further thought, then, he wrung its head off, and gave it to a girl to dress and roast carefully, whilst he laid the cloth, having a small quantity of linen left ; and then he returned, with a smile on his countenance, into the garden to tell Monna Giovanna that what little dinner he was able to provide was now ready. She and her friend, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving them all the time with great respect, when they ate the good hawk, not knowing what it was.

" After dinner was over, and they sat chatting a little while together, the lady thought it a fit time to tell her errand, and addressed him courteously in this manner: ' Sir, if you call to

mind your past life, and my resolution, which perhaps you may call cruelty, I doubt not but you will wonder at my presumption when you know what I am come for ; but if you had children of your own, to know how strong our natural affection is toward them, I am very sure you would excuse me. Now, my having a son forces me, against my own inclination, and all reason whatsoever, to request a thing of you, which I know you value extremely, as you have no other comfort or diversion left you in your small circumstances ; I mean your hawk, which he has taken such a fancy to, that unless I bring it back with me I very much fear that he will die of his disorder. Therefore I entreat you, not for any regard you have for me, but for that generosity with which you have always distinguished yourself, that you would please to let me have it, so that I may be able to say that my child's life has been restored to me through your gift, and that he and I are under perpetual obligations to you.'

“Federigo, hearing the lady's request, and knowing that it was out of his power to fulfil it, began to weep before he was able to make a word of reply. This she at first attributed to his reluctance to part with his favorite bird, and expected that he was going to give her a flat denial ; but after she had waited a little for his answer, he said : ‘Madam, ever since I have fixed my affections upon you, fortune has still been contrary to me in many things, and sorely have I felt them ; but all the rest is nothing to what has now come to pass. You are here to visit me in this my poor dwelling, to which in my prosperity you would never deign to come ; you also entreat a small present of me, which it is wholly out of my power to give, as I am going briefly to tell you. As soon as I was acquainted with the great favor you designed me, I thought it proper, considering your superior

merit and excellency, to treat you, according to my ability with something choicer than is usually given to other persons, when, calling to mind my hawk, which you now request, and his goodness, I judged him a fit repast for you, and you have had him roasted. Nor could I have thought him better bestowed, had you not now desired him in a different manner, which is such a grief to me, that I shall never be at peace as long as I live.' And saying this, he produced the hawk's feathers, feet, and talons. The lady began now to blame him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with, in her heart all the while extolling the greatness of his soul, which poverty had no power to abase.

“Having now no farther hopes of obtaining the hawk, she took leave of Federigo, and returned sadly to her son; who, either out of grief for the disappointment, or through the violence of his disorder, died in a few days. She continued sorrowful for some time; but being left rich, and young, her brothers were very pressing with her to marry again. This went against her inclination, but finding them still importunate, and remembering Federigo's great worth, and the late instance of his generosity in killing such a bird for her entertainment, she said, 'I should rather choose to continue as I am; but since it is your desire that I take a husband, I will have none but Federigo.' They smiled contemptuously at this, and said, 'You simple woman! what are you talking of? He is not worth one farthing in the world.' She replied, 'I believe it, brothers, to be as you say; but know, that I would sooner have a man that stands in need of riches, than riches without a man.' They hearing her resolution, and well knowing his generous temper, gave her to him with all her wealth; and he, seeing himself possessed of a lady whom he had so dearly loved, and of such a vast fortune,

lived in all true happiness with her, and was a better manager of his affairs than he had been before."

**8. Arno.** A river in the northwestern part of Italy. It rises in the Apennines and flows west into the Mediterranean; length, 140 miles.

**10. Florence.** A city in the northwestern part of Italy on the Arno River.

**16. Monna Giovanna.** The heroine of the story. See introductory note to the poem.

**31. Purveyor.** One who provides food.

**44. Tinkled his bells.** Falcons are trained to wear bands of leather about their legs to which bells are attached.

**60. æolian harp.** A musical instrument consisting of a framework, on or in which are stretched strings, on which the wind acts to produce notes. It was named after Æolus, the mythological deity of the winds.

**85. sacred ilex.** The holm oak. A genus of evergreen trees and shrubs including the common holly. It is much used for decorating churches and houses at Christmas time. **centennial pines.** Pines of great age.

**86. terraced gardens.** Gardens consisting of elevated flat spaces faced on one or more sides with masonry or turf.

**87. sylvan deities.** Fabled deities of the wood. Here their images carved in stone.

**88. palpitating.** Throbbing or quivering.

**89. Val d' Arno.** Valley of the Arno (Italian).

**103. gerfalcon.** A large falcon whose original home was in the mountains of Scandinavia. It is one of the largest of its race, and has always been highly prized by falconers.

**111. passing-bell.** The bell that rings at the hour of death,



or at the time when the body of a deceased person is being carried to a place of interment.

**113. preternatural.** Strange and inexplicable.

**121. importunate.** Solicitous.

**131. pursuivant.** Attendant, follower.

**148-149. the mists that roll, etc.** Study this figure carefully.

Is it an apt one ?

**152. auroral.** Resembling the dawn in color and beauty.

**162. His long-lost Eden was restored again.** Explain this line.

**165. the Euphrates watering Paradise.** The Euphrates is a large river in the western part of Asia. It is formed by the junction of the Moorad Chai and Kara-Soo, flows southwest, then southeast, and empties into the Persian Gulf ; length, 1780 miles. According to the Bible it was one of the four rivers that watered the Garden of Eden or Paradise. See *Genesis* ii. 10-14.

**194. Signor.** An Italian title of respect for a man ; contracted from Signore.

**202. lure.** A contrivance somewhat resembling a bird, and often baited with raw meat, used by falconers in recalling hawks.

**204. jesses.** Bands of leather placed about falcons' legs, to which are attached cords, held by the birds' owners, and bells. See note on l. 44.

**210. bergamot.** Pear.

**222. fanfares.** A flourish or call sounded by trumpets, bugles, or hunting-horns.

**229. garden-close.** The space enclosed as a garden.

## INTERLUDE

25-29. from these reservoirs and tanks, etc. Shakespeare went to Italian sources for the plots to many of his plays. See Dowden's *Shakespeare* of the Literature Primer Series.

27. Moor of Venice. Othello, the hero of the tragedy *Othello, the Moor of Venice*. Jew. Shylock, one of the chief characters of *The Merchant of Venice*.

31. "An Angel is flying overhead!" This exclamation is introduced to suggest the theme of the story that follows. The reply of the Jew (ll. 34-35) prepares the reader still further for what is to come.

41. Talmud. See introductory note to The Spanish Jew's Tale.

## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

### THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

The plot of this story is taken from the Talmud (see p. xxvii, Introduction), a work which embodies the civil and canonical law of the Jewish people. It contains those rules and regulations by which, in addition to the Old Testament, the conduct of that nation is regulated. It is divided into two parts, — the Mishnah, containing the text; and the Gemera, containing the commentary. There are two Talmuds, — the Palestinian (commonly called the Talmud of Jerusalem) and the Babylonian. They contain the same Mishnah but different Gemas. The Babylonian text is about three times as large as the other, and is the more highly esteemed by the Jews. It is in it that the Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi occurs, it being found in tract *Ketuboth*, Art. 40, and reading as follows: —

“As Rabbi Joshua ben Levi lay dying, God spake to the Angel of Death : ‘Go and do his will.’ He went to him. When he appeared to him, the Rabbi said, ‘Show me my place in Paradise.’ The Angel said, ‘So be it.’ Then said the Rabbi, ‘Give me your sword ; on the way you might threaten me.’ The Angel gave it him. When the Angel had got there he lifted him upon the wall and showed him his place. But the Rabbi sprang over and landed on the other side. Then he grasped him by the edge of his mantle, but he said : ‘I swear I won’t come out.’ Then spake the Holy One, ‘May he be blessed. If he has ever given an oath and then wished to be released from it, he shall be released also from this ; but if such is not the case, he shall not be released.’ Then spake the Angel of Death to him, ‘Give me back my sword.’ When it was not given back, there was heard a heavenly voice saying : ‘Give it him for he needs it.’ ” . . .

## INTERLUDE

9. **adumbration.** Shadow.  
 12. **impalpable.** Intangible, imperceptible to the touch.  
 21. **Abate.** An Italian abbot.

## THE SICILIAN'S TALE

### KING ROBERT OF SICILY

The plot of this story is drawn from an early English metrical romance entitled *Robert of Cysille* (see p. xxvii, Introduction), which in turn was probably suggested by the history of the Emperor Jovinian, related in Chapter 59 of the *Gesta*

*Romanorum*, a popular story book of the Middle Ages. In 1790 an abstract of the romance was published by George Ellis, an English writer, in his *Specimens of Early English Romances* (revised in 1848), and it was perhaps here that Longfellow first met with it. The following version is taken from the edition of 1848:—

“Robert, king of Sicily, brother to Pope Urban and to Valmond, emperor of Germany, was among the most powerful and valorous princes of Europe; but his arrogance was still more conspicuous than his power or his valor. Constantly occupied by the survey of his present greatness, or by projects for its future extension, he considered the performance of his religious duties as insufferably tedious; and never paid his adorations to the Supreme Being without evident reluctance and disgust. His guilt was great; and his punishment was speedy and exemplary.

“Once upon a time, being present during vespers on the eve of St. John, his attention was excited by the following passage in the Magnificat: ‘*deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.*’ He inquired of a clerk the meaning of these words; and, having heard the explanation, replied that such expressions were very foolish, since he, being the very flower of chivalry, was too mighty to be thrown down from his seat, and had no apprehension of seeing others exalted at his expense. The clerk did not presume to attempt any remonstrance; the service continued; Robert thought it longer and more tedious than ever, and at last fell fast asleep.

“His slumber was not interrupted, nor indeed noticed by any of the congregation, because an angel having in the meantime assumed his features, together with the royal robes, had been

attended by the usual officers to the palace, where supper was immediately served. Robert, however, awaked at the close of the day, was much astonished by the darkness of the church, and not less so by the solitude which surrounded him. He began to call loudly for his attendants, and at length attracted the notice of the sexton, who, conceiving him to be a thief secreted in the church for the purpose of stealing the sacred ornaments, approached the door with some precaution and transmitted his suspicions through the key-hole. Robert indignantly repelled the accusation, affirming that he was the king; upon which the sexton, persuaded that he had lost his senses, and not at all desirous of having a madman under his care, readily opened the door, and was glad to see the supposed maniac run with all speed to the palace. But the palace gates were shut; and Robert, whose temper was never very enduring, and was now exasperated by rage and hunger, vainly attempted by threats of imprisonment, and even of death, to subdue the contumacy of the porter. While the metamorphosed monarch was venting his rage at the gate, this officer hastened to the hall, and, falling on his knees, requested his sovereign's orders concerning a madman who loudly asserted his right to the throne. The angel directed that he should be immediately admitted; and Robert at length appeared, covered with mud, in consequence of an affray in which he had flattened the porter's nose, and had been himself rolled in a puddle by the porter's assistants.

“Without paying the least attention to these accidental circumstances, or to the clamors of the wounded man, who loudly demanded justice, he rushed up to the throne; and though a good deal startled at finding not only that, and all the attributes

of royalty, but even his complete set of features, in the possession of another, he boldly proceeded to treat the angel as an impostor, threatening him with the vengeance of the pope and of the emperor, who, he thought, could not fail of distinguishing the true from the fictitious sovereign of Sicily.

“ ‘Thou art my fool!’ said the angel;  
 ‘Thou shalt be shorn, every deal, (every whit)  
 Like a fool, a fool to be:  
 For thou hast now no dignity.  
 Thine counsellor shall be an ape;  
 And o (in one) clothing you shall be shape. —  
 He shall ben thine own fere: (companion)  
 Some wit of him thou might lere.’ (learn)

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

“ ‘He cleped (called) a barber him before,  
 That, as a fool, he should be shore  
 All around like a frere, (friar)  
 An hand-brede (hand’s breadth) above the ear;  
 And on his crown maken a cross.  
 He gan cry and make noise;  
 And said they should all aby, (pay for it)  
 That did him swich (such) villainy!

“Thus was Robert reduced to the lowest state of human degradation; an object of contempt and derision to those whom he had been accustomed to despise; often suffering from hunger and thirst; and seeing his sufferings inspire no more compassion than those of the animals with whom he shared his precarious and disgusting repast. Yet his pride and petulance were not subdued. To the frequent inquiries of the angel whether he still thought himself a king, he continued to answer by haughty denunciations of vengeance, and was incensed almost to mad-

ness when this reply excited, as it constantly did, a general burst of laughter.

“In the meantime Robert’s dominions were admirably governed by his angelic substitute. The country, always fruitful, became a paragon of fertility ; abuses were checked by a severe administration of equal justice ; and, for a time, all evil propensities seemed to be eradicated from the hearts of the happy Sicilians —

“Every man loved well other ;  
Better love was never with brother.  
In his time was never no strife  
Between man and his wife :  
Then was this a joyful thing  
In land to have swich (such) a king.

“At the end of about three years arrived a solemn embassy from Sir Valemond the emperor, requesting that Robert would join him on Holy Thursday, at Rome, whither he proposed to go on a visit to his brother Urban. The angel welcomed the ambassadors ; bestowed on them garments lined with ermine and embroidered with jewels, so exquisitely wrought as to excite universal astonishment, and departed in their company to Rome.

“The fool Robert also went,  
Clothed in loathly garnement,  
With fox-tails riven (abundant) all about :  
Men might him knowen in the rout.  
An ape rode of his clothing ;  
So foul rode never king.

“These strange figures, contrasted with the unparalleled magnificence of the angel and his attendants, produced infinite mer-

riment among the spectators, whose shouts of admiration were enlivened by frequent peals of laughter.

“ Robert witnessed, in sullen silence, the demonstrations of affectionate regard with which the pope and the emperor welcomed their supposed brother ; but at length, rushing forward, bitterly reproached them for thus joining in an unnatural conspiracy with the usurper of his throne. This violent sally, however, was received by his brothers, and by the whole papal court, as an undoubted proof of his madness ; and he now learnt for the first time the real extent of his misfortune. His stubbornness and pride gave way, and were succeeded by sentiments of remorse and penitence.

“ We have already seen that he was not very profoundly versed in Scripture history, but he now fortunately recollected two examples which he considered as nearly similar to his own ; those of Nebuchadnezzar and Holofernes. Recalling to his mind their greatness and degradation, he observed that God alone had bestowed on them that power which he afterwards annihilated.

“ ‘ So hath he mine, for my gult ; (guilt)  
Now am I full lowe pult ; (put)  
And that is right that I so be ;  
Lord, on thy fool have thou pité !  
That error hath made me to smart  
That I had in my heart ;  
Lord, I leved (believed) not on thee ;  
Lord, on thy fool have thou pité.  
Holy writ I had in despite ;  
Therefore reaved (removed) is my right ;  
Therefore is right a fool that I be ;  
Lord, on thy fool have thou pité.’



“After five weeks spent in Rome, the emperor and the supposed king of Sicily returned to their respective dominions, Robert being still accoutred in his fox-tails and accompanied by his ape, whom he now ceased to consider as his inferior. When returned to the palace, the angel, before the whole court, repeated his usual question ; but the penitent, far from persevering in his former insolence, humbly replied, ‘that he was indeed a fool, or worse than a fool ; but that he had at least acquired a perfect indifference for all worldly dignities.’ The attendants were now ordered to retire ; and the angel, being left alone with Robert, informed him that his sins were forgiven ; gave him a few salutary admonitions, and added :—

“ ‘ I am an angel of renown  
Sent to keep thy regioun.  
More joy me shall fall  
In heaven, among mine feren (companions) all,  
In an hour of a day,  
Than here, I thee say,  
In an hundred thousand year ;  
Though all the world, far and near,  
Were mine at my liking :  
I am an angel ; thou art king ! ’

“With these words he disappeared ; and Robert, returning to the hall, received, not without some surprise and confusion, the usual salutations of the courtiers.

“From this period he continued, during three years, to reign with so much justice and wisdom that his subjects had no cause to regret the change of their sovereign ; after which, being warned by the angel of his approaching dissolution, he dictated to his secretaries a full account of his former perverseness, and

of its strange punishment, and, having sealed it with the royal signet, ordered it to be sent, for the edification of his brothers, to Rome and Vienna. Both received, with due respect, the important lesson; the emperor often recollected with tenderness and compassion the degraded situation of the valiant Robert; and the pope, besides availing himself of the story in a number of sermons addressed to the faithful, caused it to be carefully preserved in the archives of the Vatican, as a constant warning against pride and an incitement to the performance of our religious duties."

1. **Robert of Sicily.** This character cannot be placed historically. It may be Robert of Anjou (1275-1343), who once attempted the subjugation of Sicily; or some Norman Robert of the Middle Ages. **Pope Urbane.** There have been several popes by the name of Urbane, or Urban. It is, of course, impossible to tell which one is referred to here.

2. **Valmond.** This character is unknown to history. **Allemagne.** Germany. The name is now obsolete.

5: **St. John's eve.** Eve of June 23. A time of great rejoicing in the church during the Middle Ages.

6. **Magnificat.** The song of the Virgin Mary, taken from *Luke*, Chap. I. So called because it commences with this word in the Vulgate.

9-10. "**Deposuit potentes,**" etc. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree." *Luke* i. 52.

17. **Seditious.** Tending to excite opposition to lawful authority.

32. **imprecations.** Curses.

34. **stalls.** Seats in the choir of the church.

**56. seneschal.** Steward; an officer in the houses of princes and dignitaries whose duty is to oversee the preparation of feasts.

**63. dais.** A raised floor at the upper end of the dining-hall, where the table, occupied by persons of high rank, stood.

**68. effulgence.** Splendor.

**69. an exaltation.** An influence which made those present have elevated thoughts and aspirations.

**83. the bells and scalloped cape.** Symbols of a jester or fool.

**84. thy counsellor.** Jesters frequently had companions who acted as foils for them.

**86. henchmen.** Pages, servants (rare).

**106. Saturnian reign.** Saturn was an ancient Italian god, who is said to have taught the people agriculture, gardening, etc. His reign was a prosperous one, and was known to the poets as "the golden age."

**110. Enceladus, the giant.** One of the one-hundred-armed giants who made war upon the gods. As he was flying, Athene threw the island of Sicily upon him.

**122. The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel.** Explain.

**141. housings.** The ornamental trappings of a horse.

**143. menials.** Persons doing servile work. A term of contempt.

**144. piebald.** Mottled.

**150. St. Peter's Square.** The space in front of St. Peter's Church known as the Piazza of St. Peter's.

**169. Holy Week.** The last week of Lent, *i.e.*, the week before Easter.

**186. Salerno.** A city in the southwestern part of Italy.

**187. Palermo's walls.** Palermo is a fortified city in the northwestern part of Sicily; the capital of the island.

**189. Angelus.** The bell tolled in the morning, at noon, and in the evening to indicate the time when the angelus,— a devotion in the memory of the annunciation to the Virgin Mary of the incarnation of the Son of God, — is to be recited.

## INTERLUDE

**2. Saga.** See introductory note to The Musician's Tale.

**5. Norroway.** Norway.

**9. wandering Saga-man or Scald.** Wandering singers or bards. There seems to be this difference between a scald and a saga-man: the scald composed as well as sang heroic poems, while the saga-man sang the songs of others.

**10. Heimskringla.** See introductory note to The Musician's Tale.

**17. runes.** Mystic songs of the Scandinavians.

## THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

### THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

The plot of this poem, or series of poems, is taken from the *Heimskringla* (see p. xxvii, Introduction), a chronicle-history, by the Icelandic author Snorro Sturleson. The *Heimskringla* deals with the Norse kings and other important personages from the earliest mythical times down to the battle of Re in 1177. It is made up of sixteen sagas or traditions, each of which has a hero different from the others. The work was translated into English in 1844, by Samuel Laing, a Scotch writer, and it is probable that Longfellow became acquainted with it through him.

The Saga of King Olaf is adapted from the one in the original known as King Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga. Longfellow has greatly reduced the length of the story (the original contains one hundred and twenty-three chapters, with an appendix of eight more) by combining two or more chapters into one in some cases and by omitting others. He has added two parts, — The Challenge of Thor and The Nun of Nidaros.

## I. THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

As you read on through the Saga seek to discover the poet's purpose in introducing it with this chapter of his own.

**1. Thor.** The war god of the ancient Scandinavians known also as the "Thunderer." He was regarded as inferior in rank only to Odin his father, who was the supreme being. In times of stress he defended the gods, and helped mankind by destroying evil spirits. He was armed with a heavy hammer, Miölner (the crusher), which returned to his hand of its own accord as often as he hurled it. He also possessed a pair of iron gloves or gauntlets, which enabled him to wield his hammer effectively, and a girdle which, clasped about him, doubled his strength. He is represented as a powerful man with a long red beard.

**25. Jove.** The supreme god of the Romans; frequently called Jupiter.

**38. Galilean.** The Christ.

## II. KING OLAF'S RETURN

Olaf Tryggvesson (956-1000), the hero of this poem or series of poems, ruled Norway from 996 until his death in 1000. He was the son of Tryggve and Astrid, and was born in exile, his

father having been slain a short time before and his mother expelled from the country. He was educated in Russia, and on arriving at the age of maturity became a viking, ravaging the coasts of Briton, Ireland, and France. While on one of his plundering expeditions, he met a monk who persuaded him to become a Christian. Shortly afterward he made his way to the Norwegian coasts, and after a hard struggle, overthrew Hakon the Bad, and made himself king. He forced Christianity upon the people by means of the sword, and this with other acts of oppression led to a revolt. His people leagued against him with the kings of Sweden and Denmark, and he was defeated and killed in a naval battle.

The original tells of his return to Norway as follows: "Olaf went out to sea to the eastward, and made the land at Möster Island, where he first touched the ground of Norway. . . . He then sailed northward day and night, when the wind permitted, and did not let the people know who it was that was sailing in such haste. When he came north to Agdaness, he heard that the earl (Hakon) was in the fiord, and was in discord with the bonders. On hearing this, he saw that things were going in a very different way from what he expected; for after the battle with the Jomsburg vikings, all men in Norway were the most sincere friends of the earl; and now it turns out that a great chief has come to the country at a time when the bonders are in arms against him."

**48. Drontheim fiord.** Drontheim is a city in the central part of Norway on the fiord by the same name.

**66. Hakon.** Hakon Gamle, at whose home Olaf and his mother took refuge while in exile. Not to be confused with Hakon the Bad.

**68. Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack.** Queen Gunhild, the mother of Harald Greyskin and Gudrod, petty kings of Norway, sent men in pursuit of Olaf and his mother. They failed, however, to bring them back.

**69-84. And a hurried flight by sea, etc.** Astrid had a brother Siguard by name, who lived in Russia. She decided to go to him, and took passage on a boat with some merchants. On the way the vessel was captured by pirates, and she and Olaf were sold into slavery. Olaf was taken to Esthonia, a Russian province bordering on the Baltic sea, where after six years of captivity, he was found and liberated by his uncle. He then became a page to Valdemar and Allogia, king and queen of Novgorod, a government of western Russia, and remained in their service until maturity, when, angered by petty jealousies on the part of some of the nobility, he withdrew to become a viking.

**106. Smalson Horn.** An inaccessible mountain peak in the southern part of Norway ; now called Hornelen.

### III. THORA OF RIMOL

“Then the earl went his way with one thrall or slave, called Karker, attending him. . . . He now sends Karker to Thora (his dearest friend in Guldal valley), and begs her to come secretly to him. She did so, and he took it very kind of her, and begged her to conceal him for a few nights until the army of bonders had dispersed. ‘Here about my house,’ said she, ‘you will be hunted after, both inside and outside ; for many know that I would willingly help you if I can. There is but one place about the house where they never could expect to find such a man as you, and that is the swine sty.’ When they came there the earl said, ‘Well, let it be made ready for us ; as to

save our life is the first and foremost concern.' The slave dug a great hole in it, bore away the earth that he dug out, and laid wood over it. Then the earl and Karker both went in the hole. Thora covered it with wood, and threw earth over it, and drove the swine upon the top of it. The swine sty was under a great stone.

"Olaf came from sea into the fiord with five long ships. He learned then that the bonders had driven away Earl Hakon, and that he had fled, and his troops were all dispersed. The bonders then met Olaf to the joy of both, and they made an agreement together. The bonders took Olaf to be their king, and resolved, one and all, to seek out Earl Hakon. They went up Guldal; for it seemed to them likely that if the earl was concealed in any house, it must be at Rimol. They come up, therefore and search everywhere, outside and inside the house, but could not find him. Then Olaf held a House Thing or council out in the yard, and stood upon a great stone, which lay beside the swine-stye, and made a speech to the people, in which he promised to enrich the man with rewards and honors who should kill the earl. This speech was heard by the earl and the thrall Karker. There was a little daylight admitted to them.

"'Why art thou so pale,' says the earl, 'and now again black as earth? Thou hast not the intention to betray me?'

"'By no means,' replies Karker.

"'We were born on the same night,' says the earl, 'and the time will be short between our deaths.'

"King Olaf went away in the evening. When night came the earl kept himself awake; but Karker slept and was disturbed in his sleep. The earl woke him and asked him, 'what he was dreaming of?'



“He answered, ‘I was at Lade, and Olaf Tryggvesson was laying a gold ring about my neck.’

“The earl says, ‘It will be a red ring Olaf will lay about thy neck if he catches thee. Take care of that! From me thou shalt enjoy all that is good, therefore betray me not.’

“They then kept themselves awake both; the one, as it were watching upon the other. But towards day the earl suddenly dropped asleep; but his sleep was so unquiet that he drew his heels under him, and raised his neck, as if going to rise, and screamed dreadfully high. On this Karker, dreadfully alarmed, drew a large knife out of his belt, stuck it in the earl’s throat, and cut it across, and killed Earl Hakon. Then Karker cut off the earl’s head, and ran away. Late in the day he came to Lade, where he delivered the earl’s head to King Olaf, and told all these circumstances of his own and Earl Hakon’s doings. Olaf had him taken out and beheaded.”

**169. Nidarholm.** A village in the central part of Norway, a few miles northeast of Trondhjem. Now called Munkholm.

#### IV. QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

“Queen Sigrid in Sweden, who had for surname the Haughty, sat in her mansion, and during the winter messengers went between King Olaf and Sigrid to propose his courtship to her, and she had no objection; and the matter was fully and fast resolved upon. Thereupon King Olaf sent to Queen Sigrid the great gold ring he had taken from the temple door of Lade which was considered a distinguished ornament. The meeting for concluding the business was appointed to be in spring on the frontier, at the Gotha River. Now the ring which King

Olaf had sent Queen Sigrid was highly prized by all men ; yet the queen's goldsmiths, two brothers, who took the ring in their hands, and weighed it, spoke quietly to each other about it, and in a manner that made the queen call them to her, and ask ' what they smiled at ? ' But they would not say a word, and she commanded them to say what it was they had discovered. Then they said the ring is false. Upon this she ordered the ring to be broken in pieces, and it was found to be copper inside. Then the queen was enraged, and said that Olaf would deceive her in more ways than this one.

" Early in the spring King Olaf went eastwards to the meeting with Queen Sigrid ; and when they met the business was considered about which the winter before they had held communication, namely, their marriage ; and the business seemed likely to be concluded. But when Olaf insisted that Sigrid should let herself be baptized, she answered thus : ' I must not part from the faith which I have held, and my forefathers before me ; and, on the other hand, I shall make no objection to your believing in the god that pleases you best. ' Then King Olaf was enraged, and answered in a passion, ' Why should I care to have thee, an old faded woman, and a heathen jade ? ' and therewith struck her in the face with his glove which he held in his hands, rose up, and they parted. Sigrid said, ' This may some day be thy death. ' The king set off to Viken, the queen to Sweden. "

**190. Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun.** Brynhilda and Gudrun are the principal characters of a German epic poem of a grewsome character written in the thirteenth century.

## V. THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS

“ When spring came King Olaf went out to Viken ; and was on visits to his great farms. He sent notice over all Viken that he would call out an army in summer, and proceed to the north parts of the country. Then he went north to Agder ; and when Easter was approaching he took the road to Rogaland with three hundred men, and came on Easter evening north to Angvaldsness in Kormt Island, where an Easter feast was prepared for him. That same night came Eyvind Kellda to the island with a well-manned long-ship, of which the whole crew consisted of sorcerers, and other dealers with evil spirits. Eyvind went from his ship to the land with his followers, and there they played many of their pranks of witchcraft. Eyvind clothed them with caps of darkness, and so thick a mist that the king and his men could see nothing of them ; but when they came near to the house of Angvaldsness, it became clear day. Then it went differently from what Eyvind had intended ; for now there came just such a darkness over him and his comrades in witchcraft as they had made before, so that they could see no more from their eyes than from the back of their heads, but went round and round in a circle upon the island. When the king's watchmen saw them going about, without knowing what people these were, they told the king. Thereupon he rose up with his people, put on his clothes, and when he saw Eyvind with his men wandering about, he ordered his men to arm, and examine what folk these were. The king's men discovered it was Eyvind, took him and all his company prisoners, and brought them to the king. Eyvind now told all he had done on his journey. Then the king ordered them all to be taken out to a skerry,

which was under water in flood tide, and there to be left bound. Eyvind and all with him left their lives on this rock, and the skerry is still called the Skerry of Shrieks.”

**232. Angvaldsness.** A village on the island of Karmt, off the southwestern coast of Norway.

**237. Skerry.** A reef (Scotch).

**275. warlocks.** Wizards.

**288. Witch of Endor.** A female soothsayer to whom King Saul went to learn of his future. See 1 *Samuel* xxviii. 7-25.

## VI. THE WRAITH OF ODIN

“It is related that once on a time King Olaf was at a feast at this Angvaldsness, and one eventide there came to him an old man very gifted in words, and with a broad-brimmed hat upon his head. He was one-eyed, and had something to tell of every land. He entered into conversation with the king; and as the king found much pleasure in the guest’s speech, he asked him concerning many things, to which the guest gave good answers: and the king sat up late in the evening. Among other things, the king asked him if he knew who the Angvald had been who had given his name both to the ness and to the house. The guest replied, that this Angvald was a king, and a very valiant man, and that he made great sacrifices to a cow which he had with him wherever he went, and considered it good for her health to drink her milk. This same King Angvald had a battle with a king called Varin, in which battle Angvald fell. He was buried under a mound close to the house; ‘and there stands his stone over him, and close to it his cow also is laid.’ Such and many other things, and ancient events, the king inquired after.

Now, when the king had sat late into the night, the bishop reminded him that it was time to go to bed, and the king did so. But after the king was undressed, and had laid himself in bed, the guest sat upon the footstool before the bed, and still spoke long with the king; for after one tale was ended, he still wanted a new one. Then the bishop observed to the king, it was time to go to sleep, and the king did so; and the guest went out. Soon after the king awoke, asked for the guest, and ordered him to be called; but the guest was not to be found. The morning after, the king ordered his cook and cellar-master to be called, and asked if any strange person had been with them. They said, that as they were making ready the meat a man came to them, and observed that they were cooking very poor meat for the king's table; whereupon he gave them two thick and fat pieces of beef, which they boiled with the rest of the meat. Then the king ordered that all the meat should be thrown away, and said this man can be no other than the Odin whom the heathen have so long worshipped; and added, 'but Odin shall not deceive us.' "

Odin was the chief god of Norse mythology (see introductory note to *The Challenge of Thor*). He was regarded as the source of wisdom and the promoter of culture. His death was brought about by Fenris, a water-demon, in the form of a gigantic wolf.

**329. Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang.** The stanzas of old ballads commonly end in a refrain which frequently has no bearing upon the story under consideration. What effect is gained by its introduction?

**361. Havamal.** Odin's song of triumph.

## VII. IRON BEARD

“King Olaf collected a great army in the east of the country towards summer and sailed with it north to Nidaros in the Drontheim country. From thence he sent a message-token over all the fiord, calling the people of eight different districts to a Thing; but the bonders changed the Thing-token into a war-token, and called together all men, free and unfree, in all the Drontheim land. Now when the king met the Thing, the whole people came fully armed. After the Thing was seated, the king spoke, and invited them to adopt Christianity; but he had spoken only a short time when the bonders called out to him to be silent, or they would attack him and drive him away. ‘We did so,’ said they, ‘with Hakon, foster-son of Athelstan, when he brought us the same message, and we held him in quite as much respect as we hold thee.’ When King Olaf saw how incensed the bonders were, and that they had such a war force that he could make no resistance, he turned his speech as if he would give way to the bonders, and said, ‘I wish only to be in good understanding with you as of old.’

“There was a great bonder called Skiaegge, and sometimes Iron Beard, who dwelt in Ophang in Yriar. He spoke first at the Thing to Olaf; and was the foremost man of the bonders in speaking against Christianity. The Thing was concluded in this way for that time,—the bonders returned home, and the king went to Lade.

“King Olaf returned with all his forces into the Drontheim country; and when he came to Maere all among the chiefs of the Drontheim people who were most opposed to Christianity

were assembled, and had with them all the great bonders who had before made sacrifice at that place. Now the king let the people be summoned to the Thing, where both parties met armed; and when the Thing was seated the king made a speech, in which he told the people to go over to Christianity. Iron Beard replies on the part of the bonders, and says that the will of the bonders is now, as formerly, that the king should not break their laws. 'We want, king,' said he, 'that thou shouldst offer sacrifice, as other kings before thee have done.' All the bonders applauded his speech with a loud shout, and said they would have all things according to what Skiaegge said. Then the king said he would go into the temple of their gods with them, and see what the practices were when they sacrificed. The bonders thought well of this proceeding, and both parties went to the temple.

"Now King Olaf entered into the temple with some few of his men and a few bonders; and when the king came to where their gods were, Thor, as the most considered among their gods, sat there adorned with gold and silver. The king lifted up his gold inlaid ax, which he carried in his hands, and struck Thor so that the image rolled down from its seat. Then the king's men turned to and threw down all the gods from their seats; and while the king was in the temple, Iron Beard was killed outside of the temple doors, and the king's men did it. When the king came forth out of the temple, he offered the bonders two conditions, — that all should accept of Christianity forthwith, or that they should fight with him. But as Iron Beard was killed, there was no leader in the bonders' army to raise the banner against King Olaf; so they took the other condition, to surrender to the king's will and obey his order. Then King Olaf had

all the people present baptized, and took hostages from them for their remaining true to Christianity.”

**393. Hus-Ting.** House Thing, a public meeting, an assembly of householders. **Mere.** A meeting-place near Drontheim (see note on l. 6, King Olaf's Return).

**397. Yriar.** A district lying near Drontheim.

**405. Hodden-gray.** Cloth made of wool in its natural state ; not dyed (Scotch).

“ What though on hamely fare we dine,

Wear *hoddin-grey* an' a' that ? ”

— BURNS, *Is There for Honest Poverty*, ll. 9-10.

**416. Hymer the Giant.** In Norse mythology, a water-demon, the giant of the winter sea. He is pictured with his beard covered with ice.

## VIII. GUDRUN

“ King Olaf appointed a meeting with the relations of Iron Beard, and offered them the compensation or penalty for his bloodshed ; for there were many bold men who had an interest in that business. Iron Beard had a daughter called Gudrun ; and at last it was agreed upon between the parties that the king should take her in marriage. When the wedding day came King Olaf and Gudrun retired. As soon as Gudrun thought the king was asleep, she drew a knife, with which she intended to run him through ; but the king saw it, took the knife from her, and went to his men, and told them what had happened. Gudrun also went away along with the men who had followed her. Gudrun never came into the king's house again.”



**474. cairn.** A heap of stones of a rounded or conical form erected as a sepulchral monument.

**490. bodkin.** An instrument used to fasten the hair.

### IX. THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

“When King Olaf Tryggvesson had been two years king of Norway, there was a Saxon priest in his house who was called Thangbrand, a passionate, ungovernable man, and a great man slayer; but he was a good scholar, and a clever man. The king would not have him in his house upon account of his misdeeds; but gave him the errand to go to Iceland, and bring that land to the Christian faith. The king gave him a merchant vessel; and, as far as we know of this voyage of his, he landed first in Iceland at Ostfiord, in the southern Alftafiord, and passed the winter in the house of Hall of Sidu. Thangbrand proclaimed Christianity in Iceland, and on his persuasion Hall and all his house-people, and many other chiefs, allowed themselves to be baptized; but there were many more who spoke against it. Thorvald Veile and Veterlid the scald composed a satire about Thangbrand; but he killed them both outright. Thangbrand was two years in Iceland, and was the death of three men before he left it.”

**510. Chrysostome.** St. John Chrysostome (347-407), a celebrated father of the Greek Church and writer of many religious books.

**519. wassail-bowl.** Wassail is a liquor formerly much used on festive occasions, composed of wine or ale, sugar, nutmeg, toast, and roasted apples.

**523. malecontent.** One who is discontented and who expresses his discontent by words or acts.

**544. Altafiord.** A fiord in the eastern part of Iceland. Now called Alta Fiord.

**560. shovel hat.** A broad brimmed hat, turned up at the sides, and projecting in front like a shovel; worn by clergymen of the English Church.

## X. RAUD THE STRONG

“There was a bonder, by name Raud the Strong, who dwelt in Godö Isle in Salten Fiord. Raud was a very rich man, who had many house servants; and likewise was a very powerful man, who had many Laplanders in his service when he wanted them. Raud was a great idolater, and very skilful in witchcraft, and was a great friend of Thorer Hiort. Both were great chiefs. Now when they heard Olaf was coming with a great force from the south, they gathered together an army, ordered out ships, and they too had a great force on foot.”

**596. Jarls and Thaners.** The jarls had the rank of earls, while the thanes were but one rank above the ordinary freeman.

**600. Salten Fiord.** A fiord in the northwestern part of Norway.

**602. Viking.** The vikings were roving pirates who plundered the coasts of Europe in the ninth and tenth centuries.

**603. Godoe Isles.** Islands lying near the mouth of Salten Fiord.

## XI. BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN FIORD

“King Olaf sailed with his fleet northward along the coast, and baptized all the people among whom he came; and when he came north to Salten Fiord, he intended to sail into it to look for Raud, but a terrible tempest and storm was raging in the

fiord. Then the king applied to Bishop Sigurd, and asked him if he knew any counsel about it ; and the bishop said he would try if God would give him power to conquer these arts of the devil.

“Bishop Sigurd took all his mass robes and went forward to the bow of the king’s ship ; ordered tapers to be lighted, and incense to be brought out. Then he set the crucifix upon the stem of the vessel, read the Evangelist and many prayers, besprinkled the whole ship with holy water, and then ordered the ship-tent to be stowed away, and to row into the fiord. The king ordered all the other ships to follow him. Now when all was ready on board the *Crane* to row, she went into the fiord without the rowers finding any wind ; and the sea was curled about their keel track like as in a calm, so quiet and still was the water ; yet on each side of them the waves were lashing up so high that they hid the sight of the mountains. And so the one ship followed the other in the smooth sea track ; and they proceeded this way the whole day and night, until they reached Godö Isle. Now when they came to Raud’s house his great ship, the dragon, was afloat close to the land. King Olaf went up to the house immediately with his people ; made an attack on the loft in which Raud was sleeping, and broke it open. The men rushed in ; Raud was taken and bound, and of the people with him some were killed and some were made prisoners. Then the king ordered Raud to be brought before him, and offered him baptism. ‘And,’ says the king, ‘I will not take thy property from thee, but rather be thy friend, if thou wilt make thyself worthy to be so.’ Raud exclaimed with all his might against the proposal, saying he never would believe in Christ, and making his scoff of God. Then the king was wroth

and said Raud should die the worst of deaths. And the king ordered him to be bound to a beam of wood, with his face uppermost, and a round pin of wood to be set between his teeth to force his mouth open. Then the king ordered an adder to be stuck into the mouth of him; but the serpent would not go into his mouth, but shrunk back when Raud breathed against it. Now the king ordered the hollow branch of an angelica root to be stuck into Raud's mouth; others say, the king put his horn into his mouth, and forced the serpent to go in by holding a red-hot iron before the opening. So the serpent crept into the mouth of Raud and down his throat, and gnawed its way out of his side; and thus Raud perished. King Olaf took here much gold and silver, and other property of weapons, and many sorts of precious effects; and all the men who were with Raud he either had baptized, or if they refused had them killed or tortured. Then the king took the dragon-ship which Raud had owned, and steered it himself, for it was a much larger and handsomer vessel than the *Crane*. In front it had a dragon's head, and aft a crook, which turned up, and ended with the figure of the dragon's tail. The carved work on each side of the stem and stern was gilded. This ship the king called the *Serpent*. King Olaf then sailed southwards along the land and returned to Drontheim, and landed at Nidaros, where he took up his winter abode."

**640-644.** And the sea through all its tide-ways, etc. The Salten Fiord is more celebrated in the north of Norway, and more dreaded than the famous Maelstrom. It is a large fiord within; but the throat through which the vast mass of water has to run in and out at flood and ebb is so narrow, that it makes a very heavy and dangerous race for many miles out at

sea, especially in ebb, when the whole body of water is returning to the ocean. The stream can only be crossed during a few minutes at still water, when flood or ebb has not begun to run, unless at a great distance from the jaws of this singular gulf.

667. **John's Apocalypse.** *Revelation*, the last book of the Bible, written by St. John.

## XII. KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS

“As King Olaf one day was walking in the street some men met him, and he who went the foremost saluted the king. The king asked the man his name, and he called himself Halfred.

“ ‘Art thou the scald?’ said the king.

“ ‘I can compose poetry,’ replied he. . . .

“The king gave him a sword without a scabbard, and said, ‘Compose me a song upon this sword, and let the word sword be in every line of the verses.’ Halfred sang thus:—

“ ‘This sword of swords is my reward.

For him who knows to wield a sword,

And with his sword to serve his lord,

Yet wants a sword, his lot is hard.

I would I had my good lord's leave

For this good sword a sheath to choose :

I'm worth three swords where men swords use,

But for the sword-sheath now I grieve!’

“Then the king gave him the scabbard, observing that the word sword was wanting in one line of his strophe. ‘But there are three swords at least in two other lines,’ says Halfred. ‘So it is,’ replies the king.”

717. **Yule-tide.** Christmas time.

**720. Berserks.** Fierce warriors of heathen times in Scandinavia.

**746. Quern-biter of Hakon the Good.** Quern-biter was the name of a famous sword belonging to Hakon the Good, hero of the saga known by his name.

**749. Foot-breadth of Thoralf the Strong.** Foot-breadth was the name of the sword with which Thoralf the Strong fought against Hakon the Good. Thoralf was defeated and slain.

**792. Was-hael!** Your health!

### XIII. THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

“The winter after King Olaf came from Halogaland, he had a great vessel built at Ladehammer, which was larger than any ship in the country, and of which the beam-knees are still to be seen. The length of the keel that rested upon the grass was seventy-four ells. Thorberg Skafting was the man’s name who was the master-builder of the ship; but there were many others besides, — some to fell wood, some to shape it, some to make nails, some to carry timber; and all that was used was of the best. The ship was both long and broad and high-sided, and strongly timbered. While they were planking the ship, it happened that Thorberg had to go home to his farm upon some urgent business; and as he remained there a long time, the ship was planked upon both sides when he came back. In the evening the king went out, and Thorberg with him, to see how the vessel looked, and everybody said that never was seen so large and so beautiful a ship of war. Then the king returned to town. Early next morning the king returns again to the ship, and Thorberg with him. The carpenters were there before them, but all were standing idle with their arms across.

The king asked 'what was the matter?' They said the ship was destroyed; for some one had gone from stem to stern, and cut one deep notch after the other down the one side of the planking. When the king came nearer he saw it was so, and said, with an oath, 'The man shall die who has thus destroyed the vessel out of envy, if he can be discovered, and I shall bestow a great reward on whoever finds him out.'

"'I can tell you, king,' says Thorberg, 'who has done this piece of work.'

"'I don't think,' replies the king, 'that any one is so likely to find it out as thou art.'

'Thorberg says, 'I will tell you, king, who did it. I did it myself.'

'The king says, 'Thou must restore it all to the same condition as before, or thy life shall pay for it.'

"Then Thorberg went and chipped the planks until the deep notches were all smoothed and made even with the rest; and the king and all present declared that the ship was much handsomer on the side of the hull which Thorberg had chipped, and bade him shape the other side in the same way, and gave him great thanks for the improvement. Afterwards Thorberg was the master-builder of the ship until she was entirely finished. The ship was a dragon, built after the one the king had captured in Halogaland; but this ship was far larger, and more carefully put together in all her parts. The king called this ship *Serpent the Long*, and the other *Serpent the Short*. The *Long Serpent* had thirty-four benches for rowers. The head and the arched tail were both gilt, and the bulwarks were as high as in sea-going ships. This ship was the best and most costly ship ever made in Norway."

821. orgies. Drunken revelries.

841. keel to carling. The keel is the principal timber in a ship, extending from stem to stern at the bottom and supporting the whole frame. The carling is a timber directly over the keel, serving as a foundation for the body of the ship.

864. ells. An ell is a measure ranging from eighteen to forty-five inches in length, according to the country in which it is used. The Scandinavian ell is about twenty-three inches.

#### XIV. THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT

“The king ordered the *Long Serpent* to be put into the water, along with all his other ships. He himself steered the *Long Serpent*. When the crews were taken out for the ships, they were so carefully selected that no man on board the *Long Serpent* was older than sixty or younger than twenty years, and all were men distinguished for strength and courage.

“Ulf Rode was the name of the man who bore King Olaf’s banner, and was in the forecastle of the *Long Serpent*; and with him was Kiolbiorn the marshal, and Vikar of Tinndaland, and Thorstein Oxefod, brothers of Arnliot Gellina. By the bulkhead next the forecastle were Vakur Elfski Raumason, Birse Bollason the Strong, An Skyti from Jemteland, Thrand Rame from Thelemark, and his brother Uthysmer. In the hold next the mast were Einar Tambarskelver, Halstein Hlifarson, Thorolf Ivar Smette, and Orm Skoganeff. Many other valiant men were in the *Serpent*, although we cannot tell all their names. In every half-division of the hold were eight men, and each and all chosen men; and in the forehold were thirty men. It was a common saying among the people that the *Long Serpent’s* crew



was as distinguished for bravery, strength, and daring, among other men, as the *Long Serpent* was distinguished among other ships."

**939. Old King Gorm.** A Danish king who lived in the last part of the ninth and first part of the tenth centuries. He was the first ruler of united Denmark. **Blue-Tooth Harold.** A son of the King Gorm and his successor to the Danish crown.

#### XV. A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR

"When Earl Sigvalde came to Vendland, Burislief, the king of the Vends, held his wedding with Thyri, a sister of King Svein, and received her in marriage; but as long as she was among heathens she would neither eat nor drink with them, and this lasted for seven days.

"It happened one night the Queen Thyri ran away in the dark, and into the woods, and came at last to Denmark. But there she did not dare to remain, and went on secretly to Norway, and never stayed her journey until she fell in with King Olaf, by whom she was kindly received. Thyri related to the king her sorrows, and entreated his advice in her need, and protection in his kingdom. Thyri was a well-spoken woman, and the king had pleasure in her conversation. He saw she was a handsome woman, and it came into his mind that she would be a good match; so he turns the conversation that way, and asks if she will marry him. She bade him to dispose himself of her hand and fate, and King Olaf took Thyri in marriage."

**945. garrulous.** Loquacious, talkative.

**959. weald.** A wood or forest. **wold.** A plain, or open country.

## XVI. QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS

“The following spring Queen Thyri complained often to King Olaf, and wept bitterly over it, that she who had so great property in Venland had no goods or possessions here in the country that was suitable for a queen; and sometimes she would entreat the king with fine words to get her property restored to her, and saying that King Burislaf was so great a friend of King Olaf that he would not deny King Olaf anything if they were to meet. But when King Olaf’s friends heard of such speeches, they dissuaded him from any such expedition. It is related that the king one day early in the spring was walking in the street, and met a man in the market with many, and for that early season, remarkably large angelica roots. The king took a great stalk of the angelica in his hand, and went home to Queen Thyri’s lodging. Thyri sat in her room weeping as the king came in. The king said, ‘See here, queen, is a great angelica stalk, which I give thee.’ She threw it away, and said, ‘A greater present Harold Gormson gave to my mother; and he was not afraid to go out of the land and take his own. That was shown when he came to Norway, and laid waste the greater part of the land and seized all the scatt and revenues; and thou darest not go across the Danish dominions for this brother of mine King Swend.’ As she spoke thus, King Olaf sprang up, and answered with a loud oath, ‘Never did I fear thy brother King Swend, and if we meet he shall give way before me!’

“The king made ready in all haste to leave the country with his army, which was both great and made up of fine men. When he left the land and sailed southwards, he had sixty ships of

war, with which he sailed past Denmark, and in through the Sound, and on to Venland. He appointed a meeting with King Burislaf; and when the kings met, they spoke about the property which King Olaf demanded, and the conference went off peaceably, as a good account was given of the properties which King Olaf thought himself entitled to there. He passed here much of the summer, and found many of his old friends."

**988. Drottning Thyri.** Queen Thyri.

**1003. Angelicas.** Angelica is a fragrant aromatic plant found in damp places in Europe.

**1023. King Harold Gormson.** See note on l. 937 under Blue-Tooth Harold.

**1028. scatt.** Tribute money.

**1031. Vendland.** The southern shores of the Baltic. To reach it by water from Norway a vessel must pass through a strait known as "The Sound."

## XVII. KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD

"The Danish king, Swend Forked Beard, was married to Sigrid the Haughty. Sigrid was King Olaf's greatest enemy; the cause of which, as before said, was that King Olaf had broken off with her and had struck her in the face. She urged King Swend much to give battle to King Olaf; saying that he had reason enough, as Olaf had married his sister Thyri without his leave, 'and that your predecessors would not have submitted to.' Such persuasions Sigrid had often in her mouth; and at last she brought it so far that Swend resolved firmly on doing so. Early in spring King Swend sent messengers eastward into Sweden, to his brother-in-law Olaf, the Swedish king, and to

Earl Eric ; and informed them that King Olaf of Norway was levying men for an expedition, and intended in summer to go to Vendland. To this news the Danish king added an invitation to the Swedish king and Earl Eric to meet King Swend with an army, so that altogether they might make an attack on King Olaf. The Swedish king and Earl Eric were ready enough for this, and immediately assembled a great fleet and an army through all Sweden, with which they sailed southwards to Denmark, and arrived there before King Olaf had sailed to the eastward. The Swedish king and Earl Eric sailed to meet the Danish king, and they had all when together an immense force."

**1084. Isle of Svald.** No such island now exists. It is thought to have disappeared in the fourteenth century, when great changes took place in the Baltic region.

**1101. frontlet.** Frowning brow.

**1125. Lapland.** An extensive territory in the northern part of Europe between Norway and the White Sea. **Finmark.** The northernmost province of Norway.

**1130. Earl Sigvald.** A brother-in-law of King Olaf's wife Geira and an earl of King Svend of Denmark.

**1145. Stet-haven.** A bay in the northern part of Germany, into which the Oder River flows and upon whose southern shore is the city of Stettin.

## XVIII. KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD

"At the same time that King Swend sent a message to Sweden for an army, he sent Earl Sigvald to Vendland to spy out King Olaf's proceedings, and to bring it about by cunning devices that King Swend and King Olaf should fall in with

each other. So Sigvald sets out to go to Vendland. First, he came to Jomsburg, and then he sought out King Olaf. There was much friendship in their conversation, and the earl got himself in great favor with the king. At last Earl Sigvald got a secret message from Denmark that the Swedish king's army was arrived from the east, and that Earl Eric's also was ready ; and that all these chiefs had resolved to sail eastwards to Vendland, and wait for King Olaf at an island which is called Svald. They also desired the earl to contrive matters so that they should meet King Olaf there.

“Then came first a flying report to Vendland that the Danish king, Swend, had fitted out an army ; and it was soon whispered that he intended to attack King Olaf. But Earl Sigvald says to King Olaf, ‘It never can be King Swend's intention to venture with the Danish force alone, to give battle to thee with such a powerful army ; but if thou hast any suspicion that evil is afoot, I will follow thee with my force, and I will give thee eleven manned ships.’ The king accepted this offer ; and as the light breeze of wind that came was favorable, he ordered the ships to get under weigh, and the war-horns to sound the departure. The sails were hoisted ; and all the small vessels, sailing fastest, got out to sea before the others. The earl, who sailed nearest to the king's ship, called to those on board to tell the king to sail in his keel-track : ‘For I know where the water is deepest between the islands, and in the sounds, and these large ships require the deepest.’ Then the earl sailed first with his eleven ships, and the king followed with his large ships, also eleven in number ; but the whole of the rest of the fleet sailed out to sea. Now when Earl Sigvald came sailing close under the island Svald, a skiff rowed out to inform the earl that the

Danish king's army was lying in the harbor before them. Then the earl ordered the sails of his vessels to be struck, and they rowed in under the island. It is said that King Olaf and Earl Sigvald had seventy sail of vessels and one more, when they sailed from the south."

### XIX. KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

"When the king sailed in towards the isle, the whole enemies' fleet came rowing within them out to the Sound. When Olaf's ship commanders saw this they begged the king to hold on his way, and not risk battle with so great a force. The king replied, high on the quarterdeck where he stood, 'Strike the sails, never shall men of mine think of flight. I never fled from battle. Let God dispose of my life, but flight I shall never take.' It was done as the king commanded.

"King Olaf ordered the war-horns to sound for all his ships to close up to each other. The king's ship lay in the middle of the line, and on one side lay the *Little Serpent*, and on the other the *Crane*; and as they made fast the stems together, the *Long Serpent's* stem and the *Short Serpent's* were made fast together; but when the king saw it he called out to his men, and ordered them to lay the larger ship more in advance, so that its stern should not lie so far behind in the fleet.

"Then says Ulf the Red, 'If the *Long Serpent* is to lie as much more ahead of the other ships as she is longer than them, we shall have hard work of it here on the fore-castle.'

"The king replies, 'I did not think I had a fore-castle man afraid as well as red.'

"Says Ulf, 'Defend thou the quarterdeck as I shall the fore-castle.'

“The king had a bow in his hands, and laid an arrow on the string, and aimed it at Ulf.

“Ulf said, ‘Shoot another way, king, where it is more needful : my work is thy gain.’

“King Olaf stood on the *Serpent's* quarterdeck, high over the others. He had a gilt shield, and a helmet inlaid with gold ; over his armor he had a short red coat, and was easy to be distinguished from other men. When King Olaf saw that the scattered forces of the enemy gathered themselves together under the banners of their ships, he asked, ‘Who is the chief of the force right opposite to us?’

“He was told it was King Swend with the Danish army.

“The king replies, ‘We are not afraid of these soft Danes, for there is no bravery in them ; but who are the troops on the right of the Danes?’

“He was answered that it was King Olaf with the Swedish forces.

“‘Better it were,’ said King Olaf, ‘for these Swedes to be sitting at home killing their sacrifices, than to be venturing under our weapons from the *Long Serpent*. But who owns the large ships on the larboard side of the Danes?’

“‘That is Earl Eric Hakonson,’ say they.

“The king replied, ‘He, methinks, has good reason for meeting us ; and we may expect the sharpest conflict with these men, for they are Norsemen like ourselves.’

“The kings now laid out their oars, and prepared to attack. King Swend laid his ship against the *Long Serpent*. Outside of him Olaf the Swede laid himself, and set his ship's stem against the outermost ship of King Olaf's line ; and on the other side lay Earl Eric. Then a hard combat began.”

1197. *brume*. Mist, fog.

1200. *Regnarock*. The time of the destruction of the universe. The word is commonly written *Ragnarök*.

## XX. EINAR TAMBERSKELVER

“Einar Tambarskelver, one of the sharpest of bow-shooters, stood by the mast, and shot with his bow. Einar shot an arrow at Eric, which hit the tiller-end just above the earl’s head so hard that it entered the wood up to the arrow-shaft. The earl looked that way, and asked if they knew who had shot; and at the same moment another arrow flew between his hand and his side, and into the stuffing of the chief’s stool, so that the barb stood far out on the other side. Then said the earl to a man called Fin,—but some say he was of Finn (Laplander) race, and was a superior archer,—‘Shoot that tall man by the mast.’ Fin shot; and the arrow hit the middle of Einar’s bow just at the moment that Einar was drawing it, and the bow was split in two parts.

“‘What is that,’ cried King Olaf, ‘that broke with such a noise?’

“‘Norway, king, from thy hands,’ cried Einar.

“‘No! not quite so much as that,’ says the king; ‘take my bow, and shoot,’ flinging the bow to him.

“Einar took the bow, and drew it over the head of the arrow. ‘Too weak, too weak,’ said he, ‘for the bow of a mighty king!’ and throwing the bow aside, he took sword and shield, and fought valiantly.”

1266. *Eyvind Skaldaspiller*. A Scandinavian poet of whom but little is known. His chief work is the poem, *Haleygratal*, which deals with Hakon the Great.



1297. assay. Trial, attempt (obsolete).

1302. Kämper. Battle, fight.

1310-1311. Like *St. Michael overthrowing*, etc. See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Bk. VI, ll. 320-343.

## XXI. KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK

“ Now the fight became hot indeed, and many men fell on board the *Serpent*; and the men on board of her began to be thinned off, and the defence to be weaker. The earl resolved to board the *Serpent* again, and again he met with a warm reception. When the forecastle men of the *Serpent* saw what he was doing, they went aft and made a desperate fight; but so many men of the *Serpent* had fallen, that the ship's sides were in many places quite bare of defenders; and the earl's men poured in all around into the vessel, and all the men who were still able to defend the ship crowded aft to the king, and arrayed themselves for his defence.

“ Kolbiorn the marshal, who had on clothes and arms like the king's, and was a remarkably stout and handsome man, went up to the king on the quarterdeck. The battle was still going on fiercely even in the forehold. But as many of the earl's men had now got into the *Serpent* as could find room, and his ships lay all around her, and few were the people left in the *Serpent* for defence against so great a force; and in a short time most of the *Serpent's* men fell, brave and stout though they were. King Olaf and Kolbiorn the marshal both sprang overboard, each on his own side of the ship; but the earl's men had laid out boats around the *Serpent*, and killed those who leaped overboard. Now when the king had sprung overboard, they

tried to seize him with their hands, and bring him to Earl Eric ; but King Olaf threw his shield over his head, and sank beneath the waters. Kolbiorn held his shield behind him to protect himself from the spears cast at him from the ships which lay round the *Serpent*, and he fell so upon his shield that it came under him, so that he could not sink so quickly. He was thus taken and brought into a boat, and they supposed he was the king. He was brought before the earl ; and when the earl saw it was Kolbiorn, and not the king, he gave him life.

“Earl Sigvald, as before related, came from Vendland in company with King Olaf with ten ships ; but the eleventh ship was manned with the men of Astrid, the king’s daughter, the wife of Earl Sigvald. Now when King Olaf sprang overboard, the whole army raised a shout of victory ; and then Earl Sigvald and his men put their oars in the water and rowed towards the battle. But the Vendland cutter, in which Astrid’s men were, rowed back to Vendland ; and the report went immediately abroad, and was told by many, that King Olaf had cast off his coat of mail under water, and had swam, diving under the long ships, until he came to the Vendland cutter, and that Astrid’s men had conveyed him to Vendland. But however this may have been, King Olaf Tryggvesson never came back again to his kingdom of Norway.”

**1314.** assuaged. Appeased.

**1343.** forests of Orkadale. The forests along the Orka River, a small stream in the central part of Norway.

**1370.** sea-kale. Sea cabbage.

## XXII. THE NUN OF NIDAROS

As stated before, this part is original with the poet (see introductory note to the saga). What do you think was Longfellow's purpose in adding it to the story told by Snorro Sturleson?

## INTERLUDE

**26. Calvin.** A celebrated Protestant theologian and reformer (1509-1564). He set forth a system of religious doctrines, including predestination, total depravity, particular redemption, etc., which has exerted a wide influence among the Protestant churches.

**27. Athanasian creeds.** St. Athanasius (297-373), a distinguished theologian known as the "Father of Orthodoxy," was the first great defender of the doctrine of "the essential divinity of Christ as coequal in substance with the Father." The doctrine is included in the creeds of the Roman, Greek, and English churches.

**28. holy water, books, and beads.** Symbols of the Catholic church.

**34. litanies.** Series of supplications for mercy and deliverance used in public worship.

**35. yonder Pharisee.** The Jew. The Pharisees were an ancient Jewish sect or school advocating a strict observance of the law, both canonical and traditional. The term is now sometimes used to include all Jews.

**40-47. Not to one church alone, but seven, etc.** See *Revelation* ii, iii.

**48-49. Ah! to how many Faith has been, etc.** "Now faith

is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." *Hebrews* xi. 1.

**51. creed of the Phantasiasts.** The Phantasiasts, a religious sect that rose in the second century, believed that Christ did not have a physical body, such as an ordinary human being possesses, but that his was ethereal, or, at least, immaterial. This led them to maintain that he acted and suffered only in appearance.

**61. Old Fuller's saying.** Thomas Fuller, an English minister of the seventeenth century, whose sayings are still extant.

## THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

### TORQUEMADA

This poem is based on a legend found in De Castro's *Espaniola Protestantas*, a work treating of the persecution of Spanish Protestants during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Torquemada, as head of the inquisition, was the chief persecutor. In sixteen years he put between nine and ten thousand persons to death by burning at the stake. The following story is told as an illustration of the influence of his fanatical zeal.

"To such an extremity did the ferocity of some Catholics extend in the destruction of Lutherans that in 1581 a gentleman from Valladolid denounced to the Holy Office his two daughters as professing the reformed religion. Wishing to convert them to Catholicism, he contrived, — owing to the great confidence the inquisitor had in his passion, — to have them removed from the prison of the inquisition to his home. There, with the aid of some priests and friars, he tried to turn away their minds from what he believed to be false doctrine; but they were firm in the Protestant faith, and his efforts were fruitless.

“ Burning with rage to see that his entreaties, as well as his threats and persecutions, were in vain, he took them back to the inquisition and told the judges that they still defended the reformed faith with the greatest obstinacy. Finally, on their father’s solicitation, these wretched girls were sentenced to be burned. This proud old man, indignant that his blood should be contaminated by Lutheran principles, and overpowered by a fanatical monomania, went to a forest on his own estate to gather branches with which to feed the flames which were to consume his own children. He returned with these spoils from the woods to Valladolid and gave them to the inquisition. The judges praised his magnanimity, and set him up as an example to be imitated by all, rich and poor, who wished to spread and serve that faith which they thought they were protecting by the flames.

“ But he was not satisfied with having cut the wood ; spurred on by the applause of his friends, both lay and spiritual, and aiming to spread greater terror through Valladolid, he even begged to be the slayer of his own flesh and blood. After having thrown his own daughters into the dreadful cells of the inquisition, and brought his own wood with which to make the burning pile, he asked the inquisitors’ permission to kindle with his own hand the flames which were to consume them. The inquisitors, who saw in this barbarous wretch a model of slaves, received his request most graciously, and in order to exalt their faith, proclaimed with cymbals and trumpets not only his inhuman request, but also their permission to carry it out. The unhappy girls were therefore burned at Valladolid in 1581.”

1. Ferdinand. Ferdinand V (1452-1516), surnamed “The

Catholic"; king of Castile and founder of the Spanish monarchy.

2. **Isabella.** Isabella I (1451-1504), also surnamed "The Catholic"; wife of Ferdinand and queen of Castile.

5. **Valladolid.** Capital city of Valladolid province in the northwestern part of Spain.

6. **Moated.** Surrounded by trenches filled with water.

8. **Hidalgo.** A Spanish nobleman of the lowest rank. **taciturn.** Reserved.

22. **Ephesus.** An ancient city in the western part of Asia Minor, which contained, among other famous buildings, an immense amphitheatre in which gladiatorial combats were fought, the gladiators fighting at times with each other and at other times with wild animals. See 1 *Corinthians* xv. 32.

23. **Lent.** A fast of forty days, beginning with Ash-Wednesday and continuing until Easter, observed by many churches as commemorative of the fast of Jesus.

25. **Corpus Christi** (body of Christ). A festival of the Roman Catholic church, kept on the Thursday following Trinity Sunday in honor of the eucharist. It is celebrated with great ceremony, many persons taking part.

26. **Palm Sunday.** The Sunday before Easter; so called in commemoration of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the people strewed palm branches in the way. See *John* xii. 13.

125. **the mystic horn.** Torquemada kept a reputed unicorn's horn with him for protection against poison.

129-133. when Abraham of old, etc. See *Genesis* xxii.

157-160. Now all the leaves had fallen, etc. Note how the poet makes nature agree with the mood of the story.

160. ravens. Birds of ill-omen.

“The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements.”

—SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, Act I, Sc. 5.

## INTERLUDE

21. **The Italian Tales that you disdain.** See ll. 7-19, Interlude following The Student's Tale.

22. **Straparole.** Straparole, or Straparola, an Italian novelist of the sixteenth century; best known by a collection of stories commonly called *Straparola's Nights*. The stories are told on separate nights by a party of ladies and gentlemen gathered at Venice.

23. **Machiavelli's Belphegor.** A humorous tale told by Machiavelli (1469-1527), an eminent statesman and author, in which Belphegor, an arch-fiend, meets with some diverting experiences while on earth.

## THE POET'S TALE

### THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

As suggested earlier in the text, the plot of this story was original with the poet (see p. xvii, Introduction). The tale is a happy conclusion to the series. The blithe beauty of the style, the light, humorous character portrayal, the joyful singing of the birds, whose cause has been vindicated, make it one of the most attractive of Longfellow's poems, a fitting close for the serious, and at times, dark tales that come before. The scene

of the story is laid at Killingworth, a village in the southern part of Connecticut.

2. **merle.** Blackbird. **mavis.** Thristle or song-thrush.

3. **His hand.** The hand of God.

4. **Saxon Cædmon.** An Anglo-Saxon poet of the seventh century. He wrote metrical paraphrases of many parts of the Bible, giving much attention to the books of *Genesis*, *Exodus*, and *Daniel*.

11-12. **The sparrows chirped,** etc. "Yea, the *sparrow* hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God." *Psalms* lxxxiv. 3. Also see *Matthew* x. 31, and *Luke* xii. 7.

15. **Knowing who hears the ravens cry.** "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." *Psalms* cxlvii. 9. Also see *Job* xxxviii. 41.

17. **Sound.** Long Island Sound. Killingworth is about ten miles from its northern shore. See introductory note.

25. **jocund.** Merry, cheerful.

"Night's candles are burnt out and *jocund* day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

— SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III, Sc. 5.

30. **Cassandra.** A Greek prophetess, daughter of Priam, king of Troy. She predicted the overthrow of the Trojans and the destruction of their city. **prognosticating.** Prophesying, foretelling.

35-37. **Of these marauders,** etc. The birds, instead of demanding a ransom in money, as marauders ordinarily do, took what they wished from the gardens and corn-fields.



**42. fluted columns.** Columns ornamented by a series of grooves or furrows.

**43. The Squire came forth, etc.** Beginning with the Squire, note the poet's amusing characterization of the different persons introduced.

**52. Edwards on the Will.** Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758), an eminent American theologian and metaphysician who gave much attention to literature. His most celebrated work is an *Essay on the Freedom of the Will*, a treatise discussing and condemning the popular notions of the day on that subject.

**67. bombazine.** A fine twilled fabric with silk warp and worsted filling.

**88-90. Plato, anticipating the Reviewers, etc.** Plato (429-347 B.C.), a famous Greek philosopher, author of many philosophical works, chief among which is the *Republic*, which has to do with an ideal state or community, advocated a strict censorship over poets. In this way, according to l. 88, he anticipated the reviewers or critics of modern times, who by their unjust criticisms have driven many authors to abandon literature.

**93. Troubadours.** A class of lyric poets that flourished in southern France and northern Italy from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries. They sang chiefly of love and valor. Here, of course, the birds are referred to.

**96. as David did for Saul.** A reference to the time when Saul, king of Israel, being afflicted by an evil spirit, was healed by David's harp. See I *Samuel* xvi. 14-23. Also read Browning's *Saul*.

**124. madrigals.** Simple little songs.

**140. hurdy-gurdies.** Stringed instruments, lutelike in shape,

whose strings are vibrated by resined wheels turned by cranks and shortened at will by keys operated by the fingers. Here used in a figurative sense.

**142. roundelay.** A simple, rural song which is short and lively.

**143. field-fares.** Thrushes.

**179. fusillade.** Simultaneous discharge of fire-arms.

**184. St. Bartholomew.** On St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572, a massacre of Huguenots occurred at Paris, France, between twenty and thirty thousand being slain. Since then the name has been applied to any indiscriminate slaughter.

**193. Devoured by worms, like Herod.** "And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him because he gave not God the glory: and he was eaten of *worms*, and gave up the ghost." *Acts* xii. 23.

**229. canticles.** Little songs.

## INDEX TO NOTES

- Abate, 171.  
 adumbration, 171.  
 æolean harp, 168.  
 Ah! to how many Faith, etc.,  
     211.  
 Alicent, 156.  
*A Little Bird in the Air*, 201.  
 Altafiord, 194.  
 An Angel is flying overhead,  
     178.  
 And a hurried flight, etc., 183.  
 And ladies ride, etc., 154.  
 And the sea through all its tide-  
     ways, 196.  
 an exaltation, 179.  
 Angelicas, 203.  
 Angelus, 180.  
 Angvaldsness, 188.  
 an iron pot, 161.  
 Antonius Stradivarius, 158.  
 Ariosto, 162.  
 Arno, 168.  
 Aroundight, 161.  
 as David did for Saul, 217.  
 assay, 209.  
 assuaged, 210.  
 Athanasian creeds, 211.  
 auroral, 169.  
 bedight, 154.  
 bergamot, 169.  
 Berserks, 198.  
*Bishop Sigurd at Salten Fiord*,  
     194.  
 bodkin, 193.  
 bombazine, 217.  
 brume, 208.  
 Bucolic songs, 156.  
 cairn, 193.  
 Calvin, 211.  
 canticles, 218.  
 Cassandra, 216.  
 Celebes, 157.  
 Charlemagne, 155.  
 Charlestown shore, 160.  
 chevron argent, 154.  
 Chrysostome, 193.  
 Colada, 161.  
 Corpus Christi, 214.  
 crazy doors, 153.  
 creed of the Phantasiasts, 212.  
 Cremona's workshop, 158.  
 dais, 179.  
 Dead rides Sir Morton, etc., 189.  
 Decameron, 156.

- Deposuit potentes, etc., 178.  
 Devoured by worms, like Herod, 218.  
 Drottning Thyri, 203.  
 Durindale, 161.  
  
 Earl Sigvald, 204.  
 Edwards on the Will, 217.  
 effulgence, 179.  
 Elivagar's river, 158.  
 ells, 200.  
 emprise, 162.  
 Enceladus, the giant, 179.  
 Ephesus, 214.  
 escutcheon, 161.  
 Excalibar, 161.  
 Eyvind Skaldaspiller, 208.  
  
 fanfares, 169.  
 Ferdinand, 213.  
 field-fares, 218.  
 Fiesole's green hills, etc., 156.  
 Florence, 168.  
 Florence, Pisa, Rome, 154.  
 Flores and Blanchefleur, 155.  
 fluted columns, 217.  
 Foot-breadth of Thoralf the Strong, 198.  
 forests of Orkadale, 210.  
 For music in some neighboring street, 157.  
 from these reservoirs, etc., 170.  
 frontlet, 204.  
 fusillade, 218.  
  
 Galilean, 181.  
 garden-close, 169.  
 garmented in white, 154.  
 garrulous, 201.  
 gleeds, 153.  
 Godoe Isles, 194.  
 grenadiers, 160.  
*Gudrum*, 192.  
 gules, 154.  
  
 Hakon, 182.  
 hauberk, 154.  
 Havamal, 189.  
 Heimskringla, 180.  
 henchmen, 179.  
 Hidalgo, 214.  
 His hand, 216.  
 His long-lost Eden, etc., 169.  
 Hobgoblin Hall, 153.  
 Hodden-gray, 192.  
 holy water, books and beads, 211.  
 Holy Week, 179.  
 housings, 179.  
 hurdy-gurdies, 217.  
 Hus-Ting, 192.  
 Hymer the Giant, 192.  
  
 Immortal Four, 156.  
 impalpable, 171.  
 importunate, 169.  
 imprecations, 178.  
*Interlude*, 161, 170, 180, 211, 215.  
*Iron Beard*, 190.  
 Isabella, 214.  
 Isle of Svald, 204.  
  
 Jarls and Thanes, 194.

- jesses, 169.  
 Jew, 170.  
 jocund, 216.  
 John's Apocalypse, 197.  
 Jove, 181.  
 Joyeuse, 161.  
  
 Kabala, 157.  
 Kämper, 209.  
 keel to carling, 200.  
 King Bomba's happy reign,  
   155.  
 King Harold Gormson, 203.  
*King Olaf and Earl Sigvald*,  
   204.  
*King Olaf's Christmas*, 197.  
*King Olaf's Death-Drink*, 209.  
*King Olaf's Return*, 181.  
*King Olaf's War-Horns*, 206.  
*King Robert of Sicily*, 171.  
*King Svend of the Forked  
   Beard*, 203.  
 Knowing who hears the ravens  
   cry, 216.  
  
 Lapland, 204.  
 Launcelot, 155.  
 Lent, 214.  
 Levant, 156.  
 Like St. Michael overthrowing,  
   etc., 209.  
 litanies, 211.  
 lure, 169.  
  
 Machiavelli's Belphegor, 215.  
 Madrigals, 217.  
 Magnificat, 178.  
  
 Magnified by the purple mist,  
   155.  
 Major Molineaux, 154.  
 malecontent, 193.  
 mavis, 216.  
 Meli, 156.  
 menials, 179.  
 mere, 192.  
 merle, 216.  
 Merlin, 155.  
 Middlesex, 160.  
 Moated, 214.  
 Moluccas, 157.  
 Monna Giovanna, 168.  
 Moor of Venice, 170.  
 Mort d'Arthure, 155.  
  
 Nidarholm, 185.  
 Norroway, 180.  
 North Church, 160.  
 Not to one church alone, etc.,  
   211.  
 Now all the leaves, etc., 214.  
  
 Of Brynhilda's love, etc., 186.  
 Of old Sir William and Sir  
   Hugh, 154.  
 Of these marauders, etc., 216.  
 Old Fuller's sayings, 212.  
 Old King Gorm, 201.  
 orgies, 200.  
  
 Palermo's fatal siege, 158.  
 Palermo's walls, 179.  
 Palmieri's garden, etc., 162.  
 Palm Sunday, 214.  
 palpitating, 168.

- Patriarch, 156.  
*Paul Revere's Ride*, 158.  
 piebald, 179.  
 Plato, anticipating the Re-viewers, etc., 217.  
 Pope Urbane, 178.  
*Prelude*, 153.  
 preternatural, 169.  
 pursuivant, 169.  
 Purveyor, 168.
- Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack, 183.  
*Queen Sigrid the Haughty*, 185.  
*Queen Thyri and the Angelica Stalks*, 202.  
 Quern-biter of Hakon the Good, 198.
- Rand the Strong*, 194.  
 ravens, 215.  
 Regnarock, 208.  
 Robert of Sicily, 178.  
 roundelay, 218.  
 runes, 180.
- sackbut, 157.  
 sacred ilex, 168.  
 Saga, 180.  
 St. Bartholomew, 218.  
 St. John's eve, 178.  
 St. Peter's Square, 179.  
 Salerno, 179.  
 Salten Fiord, 194.  
 Saturnian reign, 179.  
 Saxon Cædmon, 216.  
 scatt, 203.
- sea-kale, 210.  
 Seditious, 178.  
 seneschal, 179.  
 shovel hat, 194.  
 Signor, 169.  
 Sir Eglamour, 155.  
 Sir Ferumbras, 155.  
 Sir Guy, 155.  
 Skerry, 188.  
 Smalson Horn, 183.  
 Sound, 216.  
 stalls, 178.  
 Stet-haven, 204.  
 Straparole, 215.  
 Strömkarl, 158.  
 sumptuous tome, 154.  
 sylvan deities, 168.
- Talmud, 157, 170.  
 Targum, 157.  
 terraced gardens, 168.  
 The Angel with the violin, 157.  
 the bells and scalloped cape, 179.  
*The Birds of Killingworth*, 215.  
 the bridge in Concord town, 160.  
*The Building of the Long Serpent*, 198.  
*The Challenge of Thor*, 181.  
*The Crew of the Long Serpent*, 200.  
 the Euphrates watering Paradise, 169.  
 the Fables of Pilpay, 157.

- The Falcon of Ser Federigo*, 162.  
 The Italian tales that you disdain, 215.  
 The jovial rhymes, etc., 154.  
*The Landlord's Tale*, 158.  
 The laurels of Miltiades, 157.  
*The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi*, 170.  
 the mists that roll, etc., 169.  
*The Musician's Tale*, 180.  
 the mystic horn, 214.  
*The Nun of Nidaros*, 211.  
 The Parables of Sandabar, 157.  
*The Poet's Tale*, 215.  
 The Red Horse prances, etc., 153.  
*The Saga of King Olaf*, 180.  
 The scroll reads, etc., 154.  
*The Sicilian's Tale*, 170.  
*The Skerry of Shriecks*, 187.  
*The Spanish Jew's Tale*, 170.  
 The sparrows chirped, etc., 216.  
 The Squire came forth, etc., 217.  
 The story-telling bard of prose, 156.  
*The Student's Tale*, 162.  
*The Theologian's Tale*, 212.  
 The velvet scabbard, etc., 179.  
*The Wayside Inn*, 153.  
*The Wraith of Odin*, 188.  
 Theocritus, 156.  
 Thor, 181.  
*Thora of Rimol*, 183.  
 thy counsellor, 179.  
 Tinkled his bells, 168.  
*Torquemada*, 212.  
 Troubadours, 217.  
 Tuscan tales, 156.  
 Tyrolian forests, 156.  
 Val d' Arno, 168.  
 Valladolid, 214.  
 Valmond, 178.  
 Vendland, 203.  
 Viking, 194.  
 wandering Saga-man or Scald, 180.  
 warlocks, 188.  
 Was-hael, 198.  
 wassail-bowl, 193.  
 weald, 201.  
 when Abraham of old, etc., 214.  
 When men lived in a grander way, 153.  
 Witch of Endor, 188.  
 Wyvern part-per-pale, 154.  
 yonder Pharisee, 211.  
 Yriar, 192.  
 Yule-tide, 197.





MACMILLAN'S  
POCKET SERIES OF ENGLISH  
CLASSICS

UNIFORM IN SIZE AND BINDING

Cloth - - - - - 25 Cents Each

---

**E. A. Heydrick, State Normal School, Millersville, Pa.**

"I know of no edition that can compare with yours in attractiveness and cheapness. So far as I have examined it the editor's work has been judiciously performed. But well-edited texts are easy to find: you have done something new in giving us a beautiful book, one that will teach pupils to love and care for books; and, which seems to me quite as important, you have made an edition which does not look 'school-booky.'"

**Oscar D. Robinson, Principal High School, Albany, N.Y.**

"The books possess all the excellencies claimed for them,—scholarly annotation, convenience of form, beautiful open pages, attractive binding, and remarkably low price. I shall take pleasure in recommending them for use in our school."

**S. H. Bundell, Principal Girls' High School, Lancaster, Pa.**

"The publishers may justly be proud of the clear type, convenient size, and beautiful binding of the book."

**George McK. Bain, Principal High School, Norfolk, Va.**

"Handsome volumes for school use I have never seen. They are well edited, clearly printed, and beautifully bound, while the price is remarkably low."

**Professor Charles M. Curry, Indiana State Normal School.**

"You have hit upon a splendid form for this series, and the price will certainly attract the attention of any one who has been looking for good material at a 'good' price."

**C. N. Kendall, Superintendent of Schools, Indianapolis.**

"The form in which you send out these little volumes is very attractive."

---

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

64-66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

## ENGLISH CLASSICS

---

- Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverley*. Edited by ZELMA GRAY.
- Browning's *Shorter Poems*. Edited by FRANKLIN T. BAKER.
- Mrs. Browning's *Poems (Selections from)*. Edited by HELOISE E. HERSHEY.
- Burke's *Speech on Conciliation*. Edited by S. C. NEWSOM.
- Byron's *Childe Harold*. Edited by A. J. GEORGE.
- Byron's *Shorter Poems*. Edited by RALPH HARTT BOWLES.
- Carlyle's *Essay on Burns, with Selections*. Edited by WILLARD C. GORE.
- Chaucer's *Prologue to the Book of the Tales of Canterbury, the Knight's Tale, and the Nun's Priest's Tale*. Edited by ANDREW INGRAHAM.
- Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner*. Edited by T. F. HUNTINGTON.
- Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*. Edited by W. K. WICKES.
- Cooper's *The Deerslayer*.
- De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. Edited by ARTHUR BEATTY.
- Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*. Edited by PERCIVAL CHUBB.
- Early American Orations, 1760-1824. Edited by LOUIE R. HELLER.
- Epoch-making Papers in United States History. Edited by M. S. BROWN.
- Franklin's *Autobiography*.
- George Eliot's *Silas Marner*. Edited by E. L. GULICK.
- Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. Edited by H. W. BOYNTON.
- Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*. Edited by R. C. GASTON.
- Irving's *Alhambra*. Edited by ALFRED M. HITCHCOCK.
- Irving's *Life of Goldsmith*. Edited by GILBERT SYKES BLAKELY.
- Irving's *Sketch Book*.
- Jonathan Edwards' *Sermons (Selections from)*. Edited by Professor H. N. GARDINER.
- Longfellow's *Evangeline*. Edited by LEWIS B. SEMPLE.
- Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*. Edited by HERBERT E. BATES.
- Macaulay's *Essay on Addison*. Edited by C. W. FRENCH.
- Macaulay's *Essay on Clive*. Edited by J. W. PEARCE.
- Macaulay's *Essay on Johnson*. Edited by WILLIAM SCHUYLER.
- Macaulay's *Essay on Milton*. Edited by C. W. FRENCH.
- Macaulay's *Essay on Warren Hastings*. Edited by Mrs. M. J. FRICK.

- Milton's *Comus, Lycidas, and Other Poems*. Edited by ANDREW J  
GEORGE.
- Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Books I and II. Edited by W. I. CRANE.
- Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*.
- Plutarch's *Lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony*. Edited by MARTHA  
BRIER.
- Poe's *Poems*. Edited by CHARLES W. KENT.
- Poe's *Prose Tales (Selections from)*.
- Pope's *Homer's Iliad*. Edited by ALBERT SMYTH.
- Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies, and King of the Golden River*. Edited by  
HERBERT E. BATES.
- Scott's *Ivanhoe*. Edited by ALFRED M. HITCHCOCK.
- Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. Edited by ELIZABETH A. PACKARD.
- Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Edited by RALPH H. BOWLES.
- Scott's *Marmion*. Edited by GEORGE B. AITON.
- Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. Edited by CHARLES ROBERT GASTON.
- Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Edited by L. A. SHERMAN.
- Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*. Edited by GEORGE W. HUFFORD and  
LOIS G. HUFFORD.
- Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. Edited by CHARLOTTE W. UNDER-  
WOOD.
- Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Edited by C. W. FRENCH.
- Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. Edited by EDWARD P. MORTON.
- Shelley and Keats (*Selections from*). Edited by S. C. NEWSOM.
- Southern Poets (*Selections from*). Edited by W. L. WEBER.
- Spenser's *Faerie Queene, Book I*. Edited by GEORGE ARMSTRONG  
WAUCHOPE.
- Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. Edited by H. A. VANCE.
- Tennyson's *The Princess*. Edited by WILSON FARRAND.
- Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. Edited by W. T. VLYMEN.
- Tennyson's *Shorter Poems*. Edited by CHARLES READ NUTTER.
- John Woolman's *Journal*.
- Wordsworth's *Shorter Poems*. Edited by EDWARD FULTON.
- Old English Ballads. Edited by Professor WILLIAM D. ARMES.
- Kingsley's *The Heroes*. Edited by CHARLES A. McMURRY

- Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome and Other Poems. Edited by  
FRANKLIN T. BAKER.
- Swift's Gulliver's Travels. Edited by CLIFTON JOHNSON.
- The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Edited by CLIFTON JOHNSON.
- Keary's Heroes of Asgard. Edited by CHARLES A. MCMURRY.
- Hawthorne's Grandfather's Chair. Edited by CHARLES A. MCMURRY.
- Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish. Edited by HOMER P. LEWIS.
- Grimm's Fairy Tales. Selected and edited by JAMES H. FASSETT.
- Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Edited by CLIFTON JOHNSON.
- Out of the Northland. Stories from the Northern Myths. By EMILIE  
KIP BAKER.
- Scott's The Talisman. Edited by FREDERICK TRENDLY.
- Scott's Quentin Durward. Edited by ARTHUR L. ENO.
- Homer's Iliad (abridged). Done into English by ANDREW LANG, WAL-  
TER LEAF, and ERNEST MYERS.
- Homer's Odyssey (abridged). Done into English by S. H. BUTCHER  
and ANDREW LANG.
- Carroll's Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. (Illustrated.) Edited by  
CHARLES A. MCMURRY.
- Dickens's A Christmas Carol and the Cricket on the Hearth. Edited by  
JAMES M. SAWIN.
- Hawthorne's Wonder-Book. Edited by L. E. WOLFE.
- Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship.
- Church's The Story of the Iliad.
- Church's The Story of the Odyssey.
- Hawthorne's The House of the Seven Gables. Edited by CLYDE FURST
- Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum and other Poems. Edited by JUSTUS  
COLLINS CASTLEMAN.
- Andersen's Danish Fairy Legends and Tales. (Translated.) Edited  
by SARAH C. BROOKS.
- Longfellow's Hiawatha. Edited by ELIZABETH J. FLEMING.
- Lamb's The Essays of Elia. Edited by HELEN J. ROBINS.
- Blackmore's Lorna Doone. Edited by ALBERT L. BARBOUR.
- Goldsmith's The Deserted Village and other Poems. Edited by ROBERT  
N. WHITEFORD, PH.D.
- Shakespeare's Henry V. Edited by RALPH HARTT BOWLES.
- Pope's The Rape of the Lock and other Poems. Edited by ELIZABETH  
M. KING.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

64-66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

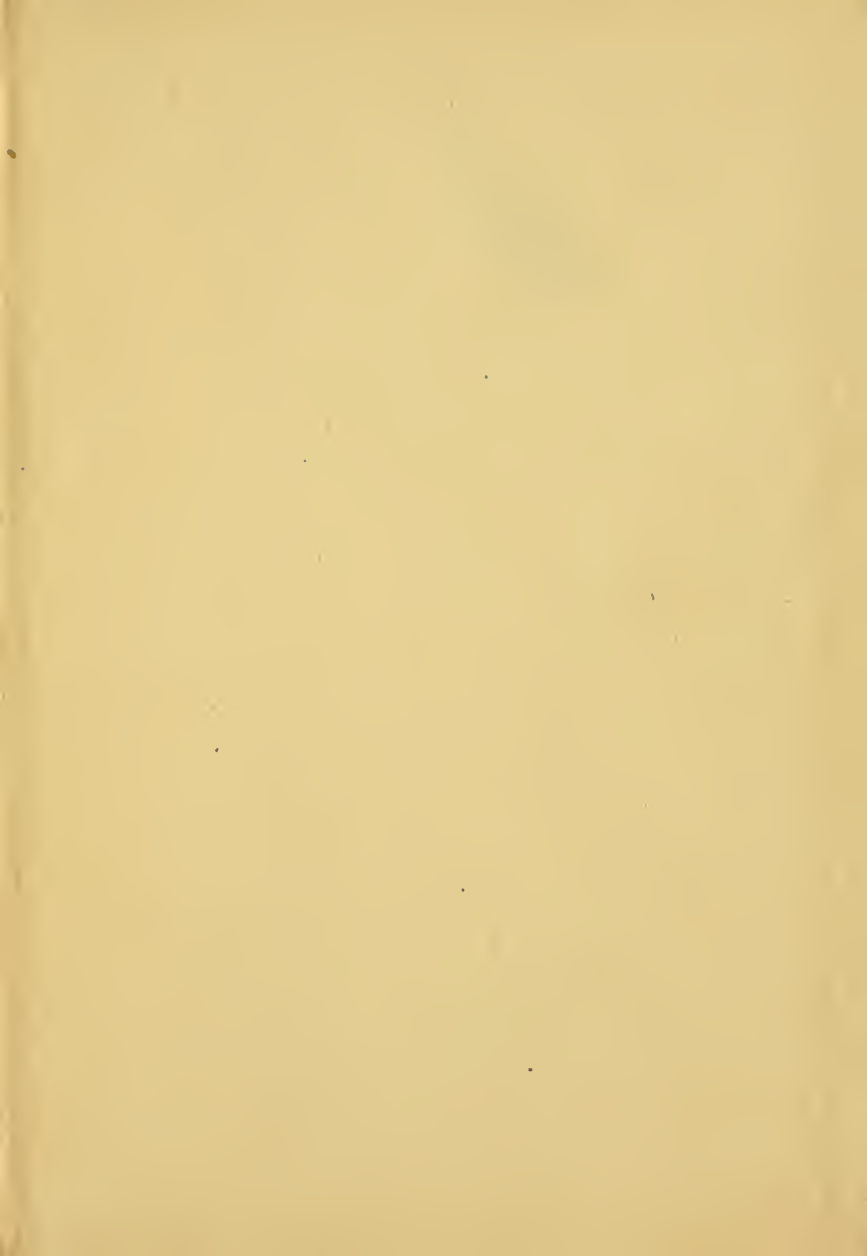












LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 215 375 4

016